

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1870.

ARE WE READY?

"THE page of history exhibits to nations—if they would attend to it without being deluded by vanity and pride—the instructive lesson of one state constantly overpowering another, not by superior freedom, virtue, and patriotism—for the free, the corrupted, and the enlaved have equally flourished, equally fallen in their turns; but by having more numerous, braver, better organized, and better commanded armies; with a more vigorous system of martial policy, and a better mode of repairing disasters in war." Eight weeks ago we pointed this passage out to one who, we think, is a representative of a large class in England. His reply was: "Nonsense, that book was written sixty years ago. Nations are too civilized, too sensible, to fight. Only military men dream of war now-a-days. Self-interest rules all men, and it is against men's self-interest to go to war." And now—the astute Emperor of the French, he who but a few years ago was supposed to hold the destinies of Europe in his hands, he is a captive! The great French army is destroyed, and France herself is under the heel of the conqueror.

Men are not governed by self-interest. Their actions, good or bad, proceed from so many various sources, that it would be hard indeed to assign to each its proper share. Pride, vanity, ambition, restlessness, all have their influences, all exert their sway in producing the complex

actions of men. Self-interest—regarded as the seeking after repose, money, and prosperity—has perhaps less to do with men's actions than anything else. True as this is of individuals, it is still more the case with those masses of people we term nations. And the result is that look where we will in the world, from the lowest organisms, developed in a drop of water by the microscope, to the highest animal, man, there is nothing but war, a continued struggle; the stronger seeking to become more strong by overcoming the weak. Humiliating as is the confession, the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century, her loudly vaunted discoveries, have done little to raise man above his passions.

The former is but a varnish, a thin veneer, which cracks and peels off when the body politic is strained, and leaves the man in his hideous deformity. The latter are but additional weapons in his hand to gratify his passions. Humiliating indeed is this statement; is it the less true?

The events of the last few weeks have shown clearly enough that, so far as war is concerned, men are what they ever were. Science and her handmaiden arts are but servants, to make the scenes more bloody, the catastrophe more complete.

Let the pseudo-philosopher dream as he likes of peace, prosperity, and repose, war is the history not of nations only, but of the whole living world. War is doubtless a great evil, an unmixed evil;

and those rulers who plunge a nation into war hastily, and without a cause, are criminal. Are they less so, who, because war is a great evil, shut their eyes to its existence, and walk blindly on, wrapt in false security, dreaming of peace? Like the Stoic who fancied himself a king,

"Vellunt tibi barbam
Lascivi pueri, quos tu nisi fuste coërces,
Urgeris turba circum te stante, miserque
Rumperis et latras, magnorum maxime regum."

Big swelling words, angry scoldings, cannot save a nation from insult. Sooner or later she must look at things as they really are, not as she would like to have them, and betake herself to her *club*. We believe that the great mass of the people of this country are beginning to awaken to the truth, the sad truth, of these facts, and are anxious to have a "more vigorous martial policy, a better mode of repairing disaster in war."

To those who have watched the effects of railways and telegraphs on modern war, it has been evident that the days of standing armies, organized as formerly, are numbered. Railways have given the means of rapidly concentrating on any given point great masses of men, and, what is perhaps more important, of feeding and supplying them. Telegraphs have given to one man the power of directing much larger forces, and of working them over a greatly extended area. Thus these two discoveries have enabled a modern general to mass, feed, and command a very much larger army than formerly. Hence it became evident that one of two things must happen; either standing armies must be enormously increased in size and consequently in cost, so as to become insupportable to the State, for the defence of which they are intended, or the whole nation must become soldiers, the army being the school where they are taught. Circumstances having compelled one nation in Europe sixty years ago to convert its whole population into soldiers, and that system having become a portion of the national customs, when telegraphs and railways came into use, an awful power was placed in its hands.

Compelled by Napoleon to limit her

army to 40,000 men, the Prussian statesman who devised the plan of passing the whole nation through the training of soldiers, placed his country on a rock raised high above the water; it was a powerful defensive weapon, but its day had not yet fully come, until the great ocean of modern discovery raised the tide level with the summit, and gave to the Prussian system a power its inventors never dreamt of. It is pure nonsense to say it was the needle-gun that produced the success of 1866, or the bad generalship of the French those of 1870. Doubtless both helped; but the true cause was the early training of the Prussian nation, the bending the whole talent of the country to one end, the breaking down the barrier between civilians and soldiers, by giving to the former all that is the distinctive property of the latter—discipline, obedience, self-denial, brotherhood, and mutual confidence. Here is the secret of Prussian success. It was this, *not* the needle-gun, that overthrew Austria. It was this, *not* French error, that has torn the proud banner of France and trailed it in the dust.

As the tactics of war were revolutionized by Napoleon I., and as the nations of Europe had to model their systems upon his views, so Prussian institutions, aided by railways and telegraphs, must revolutionize our ideas of armies. More or less the able-bodied men of each State must become soldiers, must receive a training to fit them to bear arms.

We propose to consider how this question affects England. If she has the least to gain of any nation by a successful war, assuredly she has the most to lose by an unsuccessful one. As the merchant with the most valuable ships, the man with the most costly houses and furniture, is the most careful to see that his insurances are complete, of the full value of the property at stake, and effected in the most solvent Offices; so it becomes the duty of England to see that her army is organized in such a way that it shall protect her efficiently: that when stern necessity shall compel her to fight for self-defence, or for

other cause, she may feel sure that every means has been taken to avoid disaster, to ensure success.

We propose to examine briefly the present organization and administration of the army, and to point out what are some of the causes which produce its undoubted cost, its questionable efficiency. In doing this we are desirous of throwing blame on no one; the present state of our military defences is justly chargeable to neither a Liberal nor a Conservative government, nor to the want of zeal or efficiency of any individual in particular. In all countries men who can organize an army as a weapon of national defence are very rare indeed.

The very nature of English political and social institutions renders it almost hopeless for us to seek such a man. What qualities are requisite in him? The qualities requisite for a good War Minister are the following:—

He must be a statesman, yet a soldier; an able speaker, yet intimately acquainted with the details of the army and its requirements; he must be firm, yet conciliating; and, above all, *must be left sufficiently long in office to carry out his views.*

Such a man it is indeed hopeless to expect to find; consequently it would be unjust in the extreme to blame men (all of whom have been most earnest and painstaking, striving to do good after their lights) for what is the fault of our institutions.

It is the duty of the Press of this country to point out the shortcomings of those institutions, to warn the nation of the results that must ensue if they are not altered. The power of altering or modifying those institutions rests with the nation itself.

The advantages of a free and truth-seeking press in this matter are incalculable. Would France have plunged unprepared into war if her press, instead of pandering to the blind ignorant conceit of the nation, had searched out the weakness of her military institutions, and placed it honestly before the country? Solemn warnings she had from General Trochu,

who in 1867 pointed out the broken reed upon which she leant.¹ But there was no press to iterate and reiterate his statements, until attention was roused to inquire into their truth or falsehood.

The army of England consists of two distinct portions—the regular army, and what are now improperly termed the “reserve forces.” The former, in theory at least, was, until quite recently, under the Crown, the latter under Parliament. At the present moment, both are entirely under the authority of the House of Commons.

1. The regular army alone finds the garrisons for India and the colonies. Taking the Army Estimates of 1870-71 as a guide, we find the gross total of the army at home and abroad to be 177,955 men. But it is quite evident that in the case of our being at war, we could not denude India and the colonies of troops. It is far more probable that we should have to strengthen our forces in India. The story of the mutiny is fresh in men's minds, and any nation with whom we were at war would seek to raise a rebellion in India. Hence the colonies, and more especially India, would have to be constantly reinforced and strengthened, and could do nothing to aid or assist. Recent events have shown that India cannot spare one man. And it is a remarkable fact that Lord Napier, prior to assuming the command in that country, placed on record, both at the India and War Offices, his opinion that any reduction was fraught with danger.

We must therefore deduct from the gross total of 177,955

Troops in India.....	62,963
Dépôts of troops in India.....	6,394
Educational Establishments..	577
Infantry in Colonies.....	15,838
Dépôts of Troops in Colonies..	2,668
Artillery and Engineers in India and Colonies	4,500
	<hr/> 92,740

Leaving a force of..... 85,215

¹ “Je dirai à l'armée française: nous nous sommes endormis dans la satisfaction de nous-mêmes; nous nous sommes détournés du travail, négligeant les efforts, les recherches, les comparaisons qui créent le progrès.”—*L'Armée française, en 1867*; p. 333.

men of all arms in Great Britain and Ireland. This force is composed as follows :—

Foot Guards	5,940	
Infantry	42,886	
Cavalry	8,762	
Horse, Field, and Garrison Artillery, Engineers, Army Service Corps, &c.	28,633	85,215

Of this army about 25,000 men are in Ireland, leaving a force of some 60,000 men in Great Britain. With the exception of 1,900 men this army has no reserve of any kind; that is to say, if for certain causes the nation thinks it requisite to increase the army by 20,000 men for a temporary purpose, these men must be specially enlisted and trained.

The word "reserve" is continually applied to the militia and volunteer forces, but it is a perfect misnomer. The War Minister cannot draught these men into the line, to increase the *cadres* to a war footing, or fill up the gaps produced by disease or death. He can only do this by recruiting fresh men and training them.

Reserves, whether of men, stores, or money, to be reserves at all, must be available, and in such a position that they can be drawn on when required to fill up gaps caused by expenditure. The House of Commons decreed the augmentation of the army by 20,000 men six weeks ago; not one-fifth of those men have been enlisted, not one man is efficient. Had there been any reserve forces, a week should have sufficed to draught 20,000 men from the reserve into the line. It has taken us six weeks to *merely* enlist 5,000 men; during that time a mighty empire has been crushed, and its ruler flung from his throne.

(2.) Turning to the auxiliary forces, the militia undoubtedly hold the first place. Enlisted under an Act of Parliament, which confers considerable (indeed all requisite) powers on the officers, this force is a very respectable one. If furnished with breech-loaders, taught to use them, and drilled for six weeks, to give the men a little confidence in them-

selves, the 80,000 men composing this force would be most valuable. Some of the militia regiments, especially those trained at Aldershot, are really fine soldiers. Most of the regiments, however, are unprovided with greatcoats and proper equipments.

In addition to which they are under-officered, and the officers being appointed and promoted by the private patronage of the Lords Lieutenants of counties, there is little inducement for them to study military matters. Nevertheless the militia is a fine force; but its services are available only in the country, and in place of being an aid to the regular army it competes with it in the labour market for recruits.

(3.) The volunteers are a force it is a delicate matter to speak of, neither is it fair to criticise them too closely. Under their existing organization it is wonderful that they are so good. But the one thing that injures their utility as soldiers is the fact of their being *volunteers*. War is an art in the lower branches, in the higher ranks it is a deep science, and it is simply absurd to expect men will or can study that art during peace time whose *business* it is not to do so.

This force is said to consist of 120,000 men; it is unprovided with breech-loaders, greatcoats, or proper equipment; it is badly officered, and is regarded more in the light of a holiday amusement than a serious duty.

(4.) The volunteers have, however, conferred boons on this country, boons so priceless that all small deficiencies fade away when we consider them.

They have demonstrated that arms may be put into the hands of the people of this country without fear of their being used for a bad purpose. They have demonstrated that the military instincts of this country have not decayed.

They have demonstrated that the nation is ready and willing to enrol itself for its defence if the proper way is only pointed out to it. And the turning of men's minds to military matters has been of the greatest importance to the regular army, has awakened it to fresh zeal and exertion.

(5.) The yeomanry is a force of cavalry which suffers from the same faults of organization that the militia does, with this additional one, that being cavalry, and consequently requiring more drill than infantry, it gets only about one-third.

In its own locality each regiment would be invaluable as guides, but we question much if it would be of any use elsewhere. The duty of cavalry is difficult to learn; it has taken two wars and years of practice to make the Prussian cavalry what it is.

(6.) Lastly comes the force of pensioners. These men have all served twenty-one years or more in the regular army; they have no officers, are generally past their work, and being composed of men of all regiments have no *esprit de corps*. The soldier of ten years' service who takes his discharge we allow to go, and take no heed of him; the man who has served twenty-one years we still keep a lien over, and seek to screw a little more work out of him.

The forces we have enumerated, regulars, militia, volunteers, yeomanry, and pensioners, amount to nearly 400,000 men.

But without contemplating the contingency of having to send a force to the Continent, could we assemble, say on Dartmoor, 100,000 men complete, and march them to York? Given two months to do it in, the time required to beat Austria and France. Could we put 30,000 regulars, 30,000 militia, 30,000 volunteers, and 10,000 yeomanry and pensioners on the Dartmoor Hills? Most certainly we could not, nor one-fourth of the number. And here lies the fallacy of our whole system; there is no connection between the different descriptions of forces which compose our army. It is entirely without organization.

Just fancy for one moment an order given to parade the force we have described in two months on Dartmoor, and march it next day to York. What telegraphing to Lords-Lieutenants, what ordering and counter-ordering of men and horses, what arrangements made one day, and upset the next! This person rushing wildly to do that person's

duty; zealous energetic individuals striving to do everybody's duty, and succeeding in bringing things to a dead-lock, until some definite work to expend their energies on could be found.

Trains of men and horses shunted here, there, and everywhere. No food here and lots of men wanting it, quantities of food there and no one to eat it; cart-loads of bread where the horses were, tons of hay where the men were. The idea of what would happen under these circumstances is too absurd. Yet is not this what we should have to do in case of invasion? with this difference, we would have *forty-eight hours, not two months to settle matters in*.

Here is the difference between the citizen-army of Prussia and that of England.

The former, citizen though it be, does these things so often during peace, that it can easily do them during war. Our army never does or thinks of doing these things in peace time, consequently it cannot do them in war.

The army of Prussia is therefore efficient, the army of England is not.

The two great difficulties that exist in this country, and which act as a bar to our having a proper system of reserves, are, Indian and colonial service, and the fact of the mass of the population being manufacturing and not agricultural.

The former it is almost impossible to reconcile with short service, which lies at the root of a proper army of reserve; the latter presents the following difficulties: a manufacturing population has to learn its trade; when young, two or three years spent as soldiers may seriously interfere with the acquirement of that skill as artisans which is so requisite. An agricultural population, especially where the farms are small, or peasant proprietors exist, is sedentary; it remains rooted to the soil, and is pretty equally divided over the whole surface of the country. A manufacturing population, on the contrary, is often locomotive to a great extent; artisans move from place to place, seeking work where it is to be had, and have a tendency to congregate in certain

places where peculiar facilities exist for carrying on certain trades. In the one case the men are easily followed and identified when required; in the other, to do so must be a work of no small labour. But *defence* is the first duty of a nation. On the sole condition of being able to preserve itself does it exist as a nation at all. We do not consider the difficulties we have enumerated as insurmountable; on the contrary, while we fully recognize their magnitude, we think that they may be overcome, and we offer to our readers the following outline of a plan which we think feasible.

Assuming that the number of *infantry* required for home defence is 80,000, and that as many more are required for Indian and colonial service:—

Leaving out the question of Indian and colonial service for the present, and neglecting the cavalry, artillery, and engineer service, the *infantry* of the army might be composed of 80,000 men enlisted for three years, 26,000 men to be in the first, second, and third year's service respectively. On the completion of the third year's service, the men should enter the first reserve, to be composed of 104,000 men; in the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh years of their service, these men to be called out for twenty-one days only in the year. On completion of the seventh year these men to be draughted into the second reserve, to consist of 130,000 men; in their eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth year's service, these men to be called out for eight days annually.

The third reserve to consist of 150,000 men, and to include all volunteers and men who had served ten years in India.

The total of these forces gives for home defence of *infantry* 464,000 men.

Each battalion should consist of 600 men on a peace footing, and 900 men on a war footing. And each regiment should consist of four battalions—1st, Regular Battalion; 2nd, 1st Reserve Battalion; 3rd, 2nd Reserve Battalion; 4th, Volunteer Battalion.

The whole force to be formed in ten

corps d'armée—two in Ireland, one in Scotland, and seven in England.

Suppose a war is threatened, 52,000 men are simply draughted from the first reserve into the regular battalions, which gives at once 132,000 men for service in the field or elsewhere, 52,000 men being at the same time transferred from the third to the second reserve.

Suppose war breaks out, the first reserve can be at once mobilised, and a force of 230,000 *infantry* can be put in line—the second reserve, then standing at 98,000, with the volunteers 150,000, constituting the garrison of the fortresses; the recruits being trained with the second reserve or third battalion.

In England, 250,000 men attain the age of twenty every year, and surely a draught each year of 26,000 men on such a number would not be excessive.

With such a system, two great advantages would be attained: 1st. The force at the disposal of the Government could be expanded at a moment's notice, any number of men being called up from the first reserve, not exceeding 52,000, that might be desirable. 2nd. A common interest and *esprit* would run through each regiment, the dress of the different battalions being exactly the same (with the exception of the shoulder cords), and the men remaining always in the same regiment during their entire service, both in the regular and reserve forces. To obtain these advantages, of course the whole force must be localised.

The cavalry, artillery, and engineers would have to be treated somewhat differently; the periods for enlistment should be five, seven, and ten years respectively. And the same relationship should be established between the first, second, and third reserves of these corps, as for the *infantry*.

There remains the question of Indian and colonial service to be provided for. For these purposes, we consider that a special army is now a necessity; but that army should be arranged in such a way that there should be no danger of the recurrence of the great evils that at-

tended the old Indian Army. And we would make the following proposal to meet the difficulty :—Every regiment to which we have given four battalions already, to have a fifth. The promotion amongst the officers to run right through the first two battalions, that is to say, the first or regular battalion. Thus the Indian battalion, exchange, and ordinary promotion would prevent the officers becoming enervated by too long service in India.

With regard to the men, each regular battalion at home should be called on to furnish a certain number of two years' men for service in India for ten years. Assuming that one man in ten is invalided or sent home each year, this number would be 8,000 annually. Thus no soldier would remain abroad more than ten years, and on his return he would be at once put into the third reserve. It will be seen that, while the number of *trained* men available for the defence of the country has been raised very largely, viz.—from 60,000, what it at present is, to 236,000,—the actual cost of the whole force need exceed the present cost but slightly; and when it is remembered that by the proposed scheme the number of pensioners and married men would be greatly reduced, the former being confined to special cases, the latter for men in India and the colonies only, we think that no additional cost need be anticipated; and the whole annual drain on the population would be limited to 26,000 men for home service, 8,000 for Indian and colonial service, and 6,000 for the cavalry, artillery, and engineers, or 40,000 in all. These men must be obtained by some form of the ballot or conscription; it is hopeless to attempt to form an army on any other basis. The cost of maintaining a standing army by voluntary enlistment, on a footing sufficient to cope with the vast masses of men now embodied, would render such a scheme impossible.

We conceive that by such a system as we propose the moral standard of the people may be greatly improved, and habits of obedience, respect for authority and order inculcated largely. We have

not attempted to point out how such a force should be administered, and what arrangements should be made for calling out the reserves for annual training. Suffice it to say that the annual assembling of large bodies for manoeuvres forms an important feature of the scheme. And we believe (contrary to the general opinion) that there is ample space in this country for this purpose. From Windsor to the New Forest there is an almost uninterrupted series of open spaces, either commons, Crown lands, or uncultivated heaths. But little trouble would be necessary to obtain the requisite powers to pass over the small intervening spaces of private property. Why this has not already been done, it is difficult to say, unless indeed it be the question of loss of profits derived from the game on the Crown lands.

If we turn to the present state of the administration of the army we find it in an equally unsatisfactory condition. The changes introduced during the Crimean war showed clearly enough that it was far easier to destroy than create. The experience of the last three years has shown that bad as was the former system, it was preferable to the present arrangement, inasmuch as it was a *system*, not chaos.

When the so-called "Control System" was originally proposed by Sir William Power, it presented many features which marked it as the design of an able man; it adopted, without slavishly copying, the best points of the French Intendence system, and had it been carried out in accordance with the views of its first proposer, there is no doubt but that great benefits would have accrued. In putting Sir William Power's system into practice our military authorities have adopted and brought into marked prominence, the great faults of the French Intendence—faults which General Trochu pointed out three years ago, faults which produced serious evils in the Italian war, faults which have caused the whole system to break down in the present war. The faults we allude to are the militarising what is essentially a civil duty. It is curious to compare General Trochu's

views with those enunciated by the House of Commons' Committee on the Abyssinian expedition, and to note how fully the two agree, and how different is the action of the War Office. Writing of the great Intendants under the First Empire, Trochu says: "Ils vivaient dès l'âge de dix-huit à vingt ans, dans l'atmosphère générale des transactions—*negotia*—appliqués particulièrement à l'administration des armées."¹ Mr. Candlish's Committee says that there should be with an army some one to take the *business* portion of the administration off the general's hands. The French Intendants are *now* not specially trained from early youth for their special duties, but they are taken from amongst the officers. This system the War Office is following; we see colonels and captains named as controllers, and to this system General Trochu applies the following words:—"On chercherait vainement, je pense, dans l'échelle des fonctions publiques françaises un aussi étonnant exemple d'erreur."² Not contented with thus militarising the civil element of the army, —an element which, even in the Prussian army, is kept distinct from the rest of their service by a sharp, well-defined line, —we have added to the duties of the individual who supplies food and clothes the duty of also supplying warlike *matériel*, a thing unknown in any army in the world. By this last act we have thrown on one already weighted to the utmost the work which in Prussia, France, Austria, and Russia is performed by the artillery and engineers. The results are that the controller must be swamped, and that the two most scientific bodies in the army are placed, in their own professions, in an inferior position to men not educated to perform these duties. The consequences that spring from this are, constant error and misconception, want of fixed responsibility, and expense.

Every official in the higher ranks of our Administration has his adviser to keep him straight, consequently the public service goes crooked. Lord

Northbrook, advised by Sir Henry Storks, tells the House of Lords that "our ammunition never was so plentiful as at present." But Sir Henry Storks is not an artillery officer; he is a line officer, who has spent a great portion of his life in civil employment, consequently *he* must have an artillery adviser, General Balfour, to advise him. General Balfour having served all his life in India, and there chiefly as a Financier, has to be advised in his turn by General Adie. Information filtered through several channels is in constant danger of being misunderstood, and responsibility divides itself until it vanishes. On this subject, Lord Northbrook's Committee quoted a celebrated passage from the Archduke Albert's pamphlet on Military Responsibility, but unfortunately the recommendations of the Committee seem to have been little influenced by it; like many another sermon, the text was a matter of form, having no influence over the subject-matter enunciated by the preachers.

The question of how to reform our military institutions can be dealt with no longer as it has been, bit by bit, here a patch, there a daub of paint, until the whole edifice has become crazy and rotten, devoid of unity, utterly disjointed and out of shape, an object of scorn and contempt to foreigners, of ridicule and dislike to the army, of weakness to the nation. The subject must be looked at as a national question; treated as such, there is hope for the future.

We have seen it stated, that now France is humbled and weakened, there is nothing for England to dread; that Germany having no navy, we are secure from her attacks; and that far from increasing our army, it should be still further reduced. To such statements we reply: Germany is striving to get a navy, and will spare no pains to obtain a sea-board—that is, Holland and Belgium. It has often been said already that the mouth of the German Rhine must be in German hands. Princes and statesmen may indeed be anxious for

¹ *L'Armée française*; chap. xiii. ² *Idem*.

peace, but can they always restrain the people? Three wars have converted the Prussian nation into a vast army flushed with success, eager for conquest, led by young and ardent generals who have known nothing but victory. "Men who do not belong to the military profession can form no conception of that turbulent restlessness which carried Alexander to the banks of the Ganges, Charles XII. to Pultawa, Napoleon to Moscow. War is a passion even in the very lowest ranks of the soldiery: for those who command, it is the most imperious, the most intoxicating of all passions. Where will you find a wider field for energy of character, the calculations of intellect, the flashes of genius? In him who is inflamed by glory, hunger, thirst, wounds, incessantly impending death itself, produce a sort of intoxication; the sudden combination of indeterminate causes with foreseen chances, throws into this

exalted game a never-ceasing interest, equal to the emotion excited at long intervals by the most terrible situations of life. What power in the present like that will of the commander, which chains and unchains at pleasure the rage of so many thousands of men? What supremacy over the future in that talent, the inspirations of which are about to decide the lot of several generations? When the God of Israel would crush His worshippers with the weight of His omnipotence, He says to them, I am the Lord of Hosts!"

Few will deny that the Danish war might have been stopped by firm action on our part: we scolded; we did not act, because we could not, we were not ready. From that Danish war flowed the Austrian war, the two robbers quarrelling over the booty. From the Austrian war flowed the French war. For what follows the French war Are we ready?

SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETHWAITE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XVI.

SIR HARRY'S RETURN.

SIR HARRY received the grandly-worded and indignant letter which had been written at the club, and Cousin George hesitated as to that other letter which his friend was to dictate for him. Consequently it became necessary that Sir Harry should leave London before the matter was settled. In truth the old Baronet liked the grandly-worded and indignant letter. It was almost such a letter as a Hotspur should write on such an occasion. There was an admission of pecuniary weakness which did not quite become a Hotspur, but otherwise the letter was a good letter. Before he left London he took the letter with him to Mr. Boltby, and on his way thither could not refrain from counting up all the good things which would befall him and his if only this young man might be reclaimed and recast in a mould such as should fit the heir of the Hotspurs. He had been very bad,—so bad that when Sir Harry counted up his sins they seemed to be as black as night. And then, as he thought of them, the father would declare to himself that he would not imperil his daughter by trusting her to one who had shown himself to be so evil. But again another mode of looking at it, all would come upon him. The kind of vice of which George had been undoubtedly guilty was very distasteful to Sir Harry; it had been ignoble and ungentlemanlike vice. He had been a liar, and not only a gambler, but a professional gambler. He had not simply got into debt, but he had got into debt in a fashion that was fraudulent;—so at

least Sir Harry thought. And yet, need it be said that this reprobate was beyond the reach of all forgiveness? Had not men before him done as bad, and yet were brought back within the pale of decent life? In this still vacillating mood of mind Sir Harry reached his lawyer's. Mr. Boltby did not vacillate at all. When he was shown the letter he merely smiled.

"I don't think it is a bad letter," said Sir Harry.

"Words mean so little, Sir Harry," said Mr. Boltby, "and come so cheap."

Sir Harry turned the letter over in his hand and frowned; he did not quite like to be told even by his confidential lawyer that he was mistaken. Unconsciously he was telling himself that after all George Hotspur had been born a gentleman, and that therefore, underlying all the young man's vileness and villany there must be a substratum of noble soil of which the lawyer perhaps knew nothing. Mr. Boltby saw that his client was doubting, and having given much trouble to the matter, and not being afraid of Sir Harry, he determined to speak his mind freely.

"Sir Harry," he said, "in this matter I must tell you what I really think."

"Certainly."

"I am sorry to have to speak ill of one bearing your name; and were not the matter urgent as it is, I should probably repress something of my opinion. As it is, I do not dare to do so. You could not in all London find a man less fit to be the husband of Miss Hotspur than her cousin."

"He is a gentleman—by birth," said Sir Harry.

"He is an unprincipled blackguard by

education, and the more blackguard because of his birth; there is nothing too bad for him to do, and very little so bad but what he has done it. He is a gambler, a swindler, and, as I believe, a forger and a card-sharper. He has lived upon the wages of the woman he has professed to love. He has shown himself to be utterly spiritless, abominable and vile. If my clerk in the next room were to slap his face, I do not believe that he would resent it." Sir Henry frowned, and moved his feet rapidly on the floor. "In my thorough respect and regard for you, Sir Harry," continued Mr. Boltby, "I have undertaken a work which I would not have done for above two or three other men in the world beside yourself. I am bound to tell you the result, which is this,—that I would sooner give my own girl to the sweeper at the crossing than to George Hotspur."

Sir Harry's brow was very black. Perhaps he had not quite known his lawyer. Perhaps it was that he had less power of endurance than he had himself thought in regard to the mention of his own family affairs. "Of course," he said, "I am greatly indebted to you, Mr. Boltby, for the trouble you have taken."

"I only hope it may be of service to you."

"It has been of service. What may be the result in regard to this unfortunate young man, I cannot yet say. He has refused our offer,—I must say as I think,—honourably."

"It means nothing."

"How nothing, Mr. Boltby?"

"No man accepts such a bargain at first. He is playing his hand against yours, Sir Harry, and he knows that he has got a very good card in his own. It was not to be supposed that he would give in at once. In besieging a town the surest way is to starve the garrison. Wait a while and he will give in. When a town has within its walls such vultures as will now settle upon him, it cannot stand out very long. I shall hear more of him before many days are over."

"You think, then, that I may return to Humblethwaite."

"Certainly, Sir Harry; but I hope, Sir Harry, that you will return with the settled conviction on your mind that this young man must not on any consideration be allowed to enter your family."

The lawyer meant well, but he overdid his work. Sir Harry got up and shook hands with him and thanked him, but left the room with some sense of offence. He had come to Mr. Boltby for information, and he had received it. But he was not quite sure that he had intended that Mr. Boltby should advise him touching his management of his own daughter. Mr. Boltby, he thought, had gone a little beyond his tether. Sir Harry acknowledged to himself that he had learned a great deal about his cousin, and it was for him to judge after that whether he would receive his cousin at Humblethwaite. Mr. Boltby should not have spoken about the crossing-sweeper. And then Sir Harry was not quite sure that he liked that idea of setting vultures upon a man; and Sir Harry remembered something of his old lore as a hunting man. It is astonishing what blood will do in bringing a horse through mud at the end of a long day. Mr. Boltby probably did not understand how much, at the very last, might be expected from breeding. When Sir Harry left Mr. Boltby's chambers he was almost better-minded towards Cousin George than he had been when he entered them; and in this frame of mind, both for and against the young man, he returned to Humblethwaite. It must not be supposed, however, that as the result of the whole he was prepared to yield. He knew, beyond all doubt, that his cousin was thoroughly a bad subject,—a worthless and, as he believed, an irredeemable scamp; but yet he thought of what might happen if he were to yield!

Things were very sombre when he reached Humblethwaite. Of course his wife could not refrain from questions. "It is very bad," he said,—*"as bad as can be."*

"He has gambled?"

"Gambled! If that were all! You had better not ask about it; he is a disgrace to the family."

"Then there can be no hope for Emily?"

"No hope! Why should there not be hope? All her life need not depend on her fancy for a man of whom after all she has not seen so very much. She must get over it. Other girls have had to do the same."

"She is not like other girls, Harry."

"How not like them?"

"I think she is more persistent; she has set her heart upon loving this young man, and she will love him."

"Then she must."

"She will break her heart," said Lady Elizabeth.

"She will break mine, I know," said Sir Harry.

When he met his daughter he had embraced her, and she had kissed him and asked after his welfare; but he felt at once that she was different from what she used to be,—different, not only as regarded herself, but different also in her manner. There came upon him a sad, ponderous conviction that the sunlight had gone out from their joint lives, that all pleasant things were over for both of them, and that, as for him, it would be well for him that he should die. He could not be happy if there were discord between him and his child,—and there must be discord. The man had been invited with a price to take himself off, and had not been sufficiently ignoble to accept the offer. How could he avoid the discord, and bring back the warmth of the sun into his house? Then he remembered those terribly forcible epithets which Mr. Bolby had spoken. "He is an unprincipled blackguard; and the worse blackguard because of his birth." The words had made Sir Harry angry, but he believed them to be true. If there were to be any yielding, he would not yield as yet; but that living in his house without sunshine was very grievous to him. "She will kill me," he said to himself, "if she goes on like this."

And yet it was hard to say of what it was that he complained. Days went by and his daughter said nothing and did nothing of which he could complain. It was simply this,—that the sunshine was no longer bright within his halls. Days went by, and George Hotspur's name had never been spoken by Emily in the hearing of her father or mother. Such duties as there were for her to do were done. The active duties of a girl in her position are very few. It was her custom of a morning to spread butter on a bit of toast for her father to eat. This she still did, and brought it to him as was her wont; but she did not bring it with her old manner. It was a thing still done,—simply because not to do it would be an omission to be remarked. "Never mind it," said her father the fourth or fifth morning after his return, "I'd sooner do it for myself." She did not say a word, but on the next morning the little ceremony, which had once been so full of pleasant affection, was discontinued. She had certain hours of reading, and these were prolonged rather than abandoned. But both her father and mother perceived that her books were changed; her Italian was given up, and she took to works of religion,—sermons, treatises, and long commentaries.

"It will kill me," said Sir Henry to his wife.

"I am afraid it will kill her," said Lady Elizabeth. "Do you see how her colour has gone, and she eats so little!"

"She walks every day."

"Yes; and comes in so tired. And she goes to church every Wednesday and Friday at Hesket. I'm sure she is not fit for it such weather as this."

"She has the carriage?"

"No, she walks."

Then Sir Harry gave orders that his daughter should always have the carriage on Wednesdays and Fridays. But Emily, when her mother told her this, insisted that she would sooner walk.

But what did the carriage or no carriage on Wednesdays signify? The trouble was deeper than that. It was so deep that both father and mother felt that

something must be done, or the trouble would become too heavy for their backs. Ten days passed and nothing was heard either from Mr. Boltby or from Cousin George. Sir Harry hardly knew what it was then he expected to hear; but it seemed that he did expect something. He was nervous at the hour of post, and was aware himself that he was existing on from day to day with the idea of soon doing some special thing,—he knew not what,—but something that might put an end to the frightful condition of estrangement between him and his child in which he was now living. It told even upon his duty among his tenants. It told upon his farm. It told upon almost every workman in the parish. He had no heart for doing anything. It did not seem certain to him that he could continue to live in his own house. He could not bring himself to order that this wood should be cut, or that those projected cottages should be built. Everything was at a standstill; and it was clear to him that Emily knew that all this had come from her rash love for her cousin George. She never now came and stood at his elbow in his own room, or leaned upon his shoulder; she never now asked him questions, or brought him out from his papers to decide questions in the garden,—or rather to allow himself to be ruled by her decisions. There were greetings between them morning and evening, and questions were asked and answered formally; but there was no conversation. "What have I done that I should be punished in this way?" said Sir Harry to himself.

If he was prompt to think himself hardly used, so also was his daughter. In considering the matter in her own mind she had found it to be her duty to obey her father in her outward conduct, founding her convictions in this matter upon precedent and upon the general convictions of the world. In the matter of bestowing herself upon a suitor, a girl is held to be subject to her parents. So much she knew, or believed that she knew; and therefore she would obey. She had read and

heard of girls who would correspond with their lovers clandestinely, would run away with their lovers, would marry their lovers as it were behind their fathers' backs. No act of this kind would she do. She had something within her which would make it dreadful to her ever to have to admit that she had been personally wrong,—some mixture of pride and principle, which was strong enough to keep her steadfast in her promised obedience. She would do nothing that could be thrown in her teeth; nothing that could be called unfeminine, indelicate, or undutiful. But she had high ideas of what was due to herself, and conceived that she would be wronged by her father, should her father take advantage of her sense of duty to crush her heart. She had her own rights and her own privileges, with which grievous and cruel interference would be made, should her father, because he was her father, rob her of the only thing which was sweet to her taste or desirable in her esteem. Because she was his heiress he had no right to make her his slave. But even should he do so, she had in her own hands a certain security. The bondage of a slave no doubt he might allot to her, but not the task-work. Because she would cling to her duty and keep the promise which she had made to him, it would be in his power to prevent the marriage upon which she had set her heart; but it was not within his power, or within his privilege as a father, to force upon her any other marriage. She would never help him with her hand in that adjustment of his property of which he thought so much unless he would help her in her love. And in the meantime sunshine should be banished from the house, such sunshine as had shone round her head. She did not so esteem herself as to suppose that, because she was sad, therefore her father and mother would be wretched; but she did feel herself bound to contribute to the house in general all the wretchedness which might come from her own want of sunlight. She suffered under a

terrible feeling of ill-usage. Why was she, because she was a girl and an heiress, to be debarred from her own happiness? If she were willing to risk herself, why should others interfere? And if the life and conduct of her cousin were in truth so bad as they were represented,—which she did not in the least believe,—why had he been allowed to come within her reach? It was not only that he was young, clever, handsome, and in every way attractive, but that, in addition to all this, he was a Hotspur, and would some day be the head of the Hotspurs. Her father had known well enough that her family pride was equal to his own. Was it not natural that, when a man so endowed had come in her way, she should learn to love him? And when she had loved him, was it not right that she should cling to her love?

Her father would fain treat her like a beast of burden kept in the stables for a purpose; or like a dog whose obedience and affections might be transferred from one master to another for a price. She would obey her father; but her father should be made to understand that hers was not the nature of a beast of burden or of a dog. She was a Hotspur as thoroughly as was he. And then they brought men there to her, selected suitors, whom she despised. What did they think of her when imagining that she would take a husband not of her own choosing? What must be their idea of love, and of marriage duty, and of that close intercourse of man and wife? To her feeling a woman should not marry at all unless she could so love a man as to acknowledge to herself that she was imperatively required to sacrifice all that belonged to her for his welfare and good. Such was her love for George Hotspur,—let him be what he might. They told her that he was bad and that he would drag her into the mud. She was willing to be dragged into the mud; or, at any rate, to make her own struggle during the dragging, as to whether he should drag her in, or she should drag him out.

And then they brought men to her—walking-sticks,—Lord Alfred and young Mr. Thoresby, and insulted her by supposing of her that she would marry a man simply because he was brought there as a fitting husband. She would be dutiful and obedient as a daughter, according to her idea of duty and of principle; but she would let them know that she had an identity of her own, and that she was not to be moulded like a piece of clay.

No doubt she was hard upon her father. No doubt she was in very truth disobedient and disrespectful. It was not that she should have married any Lord Alfred that was brought to her, but that she should have struggled to accommodate her spirit to her father's spirit. But she was a Hotspur; and though she could be generous, she could not yield. And then the hold of a child upon the father is so much stronger than that of the father on the child! Our eyes are set in our face, and are always turned forward. The glances that we cast back are but occasional.

And so the sunshine was banished from the house of Humblethwaite, and the days were as black as the night.

CHAPTER XVII.

"LET US TRY."

THINGS went on thus at Humblethwaite for three weeks, and Sir Henry began to feel that he could endure it no longer. He had expected to have heard again from Mr. Boltby, but no letter had come. Mr. Boltby had suggested to him something of starving out the town, and he had expected to be informed before this whether the town were starved out or not. He had received an indignant and grandiloquent letter from his cousin, of which as yet he had taken no notice. He had taken no notice of the letter, although it had been written to decline a proposal of very great moment made by himself. He felt that in these circumstances Mr.

Boltby ought to have written to him. He ought to have been told what was being done. And yet he had left Mr. Boltby with a feeling which made it distasteful to him to ask further questions from the lawyer on the subject. Altogether his position was one as disagreeable and painful as it well could be.

But at last, in regard to his own private life with his daughter, he could bear it no longer. The tenderness of his heart was too much for his pride, and he broke down in his resolution to be stern and silent with her till all this should have passed by them. She was so much more to him than he was to her! She was his all in all;—whereas Cousin George was hers. He was the happier at any rate in this, that he would never be forced to despise where he loved.

"Emily," he said to her at last, "why is it that you are so changed to me?"

"Papa!"

"Are you not changed? Do you not know that everything about the house is changed?"

"Yes, Papa."

"And why is it so? I do not keep away from you. You used to come to me every day. You never come near me now."

She hesitated for a moment with her eyes turned to the ground, and then as she answered him she looked him full in the face. "It is because I am always thinking of my cousin George."

"But why should that keep us apart, Emily? I wish that it were not so; but why should that keep us apart?"

"Because you are thinking of him too, and think so differently! You hate him; but I love him."

"I do not hate him. It is not that I hate him. I hate his vices."

"So do I."

"I know that he is not a fit man for you to marry. I have not been able to tell you the things that I know of him."

"I do not wish to be told."

"But you might believe me when I

assure you that they are of a nature to make you change your feelings towards him. At this very moment he is attached to—to—another person."

Emily Hotspur blushed up to her brows, and her cheeks and forehead were suffused with blood; but her mouth was set as firm as a rock, and then came that curl over her eye which her father had so dearly loved when she was a child, but which was now held by him to be so dangerous. She was not going to be talked out of her love in that way. Of course there had been things,—were things of which she knew nothing and desired to know nothing. Though she herself was as pure as the driven snow, she did not require to be told that there were impurities in the world. If it was meant to be insinuated that he was untrue to her, she simply disbelieved it. But what if he were? His untruth would not justify hers. And untruth was impossible to her. She loved him, and had told him so. Let him be ever so false, it was for her to bring him back to truth or to spend herself in the endeavour. Her father did not understand her at all when he talked to her after this fashion. But she said nothing. Her father was alluding to a matter on which she could say nothing.

"If I could explain to you the way in which he has raised money for his daily needs, you would feel that he had degraded himself beneath your notice."

"He cannot degrade himself beneath my notice;—not now. It is too late."

"But, Emily,—do you mean to say then that, let you set your affections where you might,—however wrongly, on however base a subject,—your mamma and I ought to yield to them, merely because they are so set?"

"He is your heir, Papa."

"No; you are my heir. But I will not argue upon that. Grant that he were my heir; even though every acre that is mine must go to feed his wickedness the very moment that I die, would that be a reason for giving my child to him also? Do you think that you are

no more to me than the acres, or the house, or the empty title? They are all nothing to my love for you."

"Papa!"

"I do not think that you have known it. Nay, darling, I have hardly known it myself. All other anxieties have ceased with me now that I have come to know what it really is to be anxious for you. Do you think that I would not abandon any consideration as to wealth or family for your happiness? It has come to that with me, Emily, that they are nothing to me now;—nothing. You are everything."

"Dear Papa!" And now once again she leant upon his shoulder.

"When I tell you of the young man's life, you will not listen to me. You regard it simply as groundless opposition."

"No, Papa; not groundless,—only useless."

"But am I not bound to see that my girl be not united to a man who would disgrace her, misuse her, drag her into the dirt,"—that idea of dragging George out was strong in Emily's mind as she listened to this,—"*make her wretched and contemptible, and degrade her?* Surely this is a father's duty; and my child should not turn from me, and almost refuse to speak to me, because I do it as best I can!"

"I do not turn from you, Papa."

"Has my darling been to me as she used to be?"

"Look here, Papa; you know what it is I have promised you."

"I do, dearest."

"I will keep my promise. I will never marry him till you consent. Even though I were to see him every day for ten years, I would not do so when I had given my word."

"I am sure of it, Emily."

"But let us try, you and I and Mamma together. If you will do that; oh, I will be so good to you! Let us see if we cannot make him good. I will never ask to marry him till you yourself are satisfied that he has reformed." She looked into his face imploringly, and she saw that he was vacillating. And

yet he was a strong man, not given in ordinary things to much doubt. "Papa, let us understand each other and be friends. If we do not trust each other, who can trust any one?"

"I do trust you."

"I shall never care for any one else."

"Do not say that, my child. You are too young to know your own heart. These are wounds which time will cure. Others have suffered as you are suffering, and yet have become happy wives and mothers."

"Papa, I shall never change. I think I love him more because he is—so weak. Like a poor child that is a cripple, he wants more love than those who are strong. I shall never change. And look here, Papa; I know it is my duty to obey you by not marrying without your consent. But it can never be my duty to marry any one because you or Mamma ask me. You will agree to that, Papa?"

"I should never think of pressing any one on you."

"That is what I mean. And so we do understand each other. Nothing can teach me not to think of him, and to love him, and to pray for him. As long as I live I shall do so. Nothing you can find out about him will alter me in that. Pray, pray do not go on finding out bad things. Find out something good, and then you will begin to love him."

"But if there is nothing good?" Sir Harry, as he said this, remembered the indignant refusal of his offer which was at that moment in his pocket, and confessed to himself that he had no right to say that nothing good could be found in Cousin George.

"Do not say that, Papa. How can you say that of any one? Remember, he has our name, and he must some day be the head of our family."

"It will not be long first," said Sir Harry, mournfully.

"Many, many, many years, I hope. For his sake as well as ours, I pray that it may be so. But still it is natural to suppose that the day will come."

"Of course it will come."

"Must it not be right, then, to make him fit for it when it comes? It can't be your great duty to think of him, as it is mine; but still it must be a duty to you too. I will not excuse his life, Papa; but have there not been temptations,—such great temptations? And then, other men are excused for doing what he has done. Let us try together, Papa. Say that you will try."

It was clear to Sir Harry through it all that she knew nothing as yet of the nature of the man's offences. When she spoke of temptation not resisted, she was still thinking of commonplace extravagance, of the ordinary pleasures of fast young men, of racecourses, and betting, perhaps, and of tailors' bills. That lie which he had told about Goodwood, she had, as it were, thrown behind her, so that she should not be forced to look at it. But Sir Harry knew him to be steeped in dirty lies up to the hip, one who cheated tradesmen on system, a gambler who looked out for victims, a creature so mean that he could take a woman's money! Mr. Boltby had called him a swindler, a card-sharper, and a cur; and Sir Harry, though he was inclined at the present moment to be angry with Mr. Boltby, had never known the lawyer to be wrong. And this was the man for whom his daughter was pleading with all the young enthusiasm of her nature,—was pleading, not as for a cousin, but in order that he might at last be welcomed to that house as her lover, her husband, the one human being chosen out from all the world to be the recipient of the good things of which she had the bestowal! The man was so foul in the estimation of Sir Harry that it was a stain to be in his presence; and this was the man whom he as a father was implored to help to save, in order that at some future time his daughter might become the reprobate's wife!

"Papa, say that you will help me," repeated Emily, clinging to him, and looking up into his face.

He could not say that he would help her, and yet he longed to say some word

that might comfort her. "You have been greatly shaken by all this, dearest."

"Shaken! Yes, in one sense I have been shaken. I don't know quite what you mean. I shall never be shaken in the other way."

"You have been distressed."

"Yes; distressed."

"And, indeed, so have we all," he continued. "I think it will be best to leave this for a while."

"For how long, Papa?"

"We need not quite fix that. I was thinking of going to Naples for the winter." He was silent, waiting for her approbation, but she expressed none. "It is not long since you said how much you would like to spend a winter in Naples."

She still paused, but it was but for a moment. "At that time, Papa, I was not engaged." Did she mean to tell him, that because of this fatal promise which she had made, she never meant to stir from her home till she should be allowed to go with that wretch as her husband; that because of this promise, which could never be fulfilled, everything should come to an end with her? "Papa," she said, "that would not be the way to try to save him, to go away and leave him among those who prey upon him;—unless, indeed, he might go too!"

"What! with us?"

"With you and Mamma. Why not? You know what I have promised. You can trust me."

"It is a thing absolutely not to be thought of," he said; and then he left her. What was he to do? He could take her abroad, no doubt, but were he to do so in her present humour, she would, of course, relapse into that cold, silent, unloving, undutiful obedience which had been so distressing to him. She had made a great request to him, and he had not absolutely refused it. But the more he thought of it the more distasteful did it become to him. You cannot touch pitch and not be defiled. And the stain of this pitch was so very black! He could pay money, if that would soothe her. He could pay

money, even if the man should not accept the offer made to him, should she demand it of him. And if the man would reform himself, and come out through the fire really purified, might it not be possible that at some long future time Emily should become his wife? Or, if some sort of half promise such as this were made to Emily, would not that soften her for the time, and induce her to go abroad with a spirit capable of satisfaction, if not of pleasure? If this could be brought about, then time might do the rest. It would have been a delight to him to see his daughter married early, even though his own home might have been made desolate; but now he would be content if he thought he could look forward to some future settlement in life that might become her rank and fortune.

Emily, when her father left her, was aware that she had received no reply to her request, which she was entitled to regard as encouraging; but she thought that she had broken the ice, and that her father would by degrees become accustomed to her plan. If she could only get him to say that he would watch over the unhappy one, she herself would not be unhappy. It was not to be expected that she should be allowed to give her own aid at first to the work, but she had her scheme. His debts must be paid, and an income provided for him. And duties, too, must be given to him. Why should he not live at Scarrowby, and manage the property there? And then, at length, he would be welcomed to Humblethwaite, when her own work might begin. Neither for him nor for her must there be any living again in London until this task should have been completed. That any trouble could be too great, any outlay of money too vast for so divine a purpose, did not occur to her. Was not this man the heir to her father's title; and was he not the owner of her own heart? Then she knelt down and prayed that the Almighty Father would accomplish this good work for her;—and yet, not for her, but for him; not that she might be happy in her love, but that he might

be as a brand saved from the burning, not only hereafter, but here also, in the sight of men. Alas, dearest, no; not so could it be done! Not at thy instance, though thy prayers be as pure as the songs of angels;—but certainly at his, if only he could be taught to know that the treasure so desirable in thy sight, so inestimable to thee, were a boon worthy of his acceptance.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOOD ADVICE.

Two or three days after the little request made by Cousin George to Mrs. Morton, the Altringhams came suddenly to town. George received a note from Lady Altringham addressed to him at his club.

"We are going through to the Draytons in Hampshire. It is a new freak. Four or five horses are to be sold, and Gustavus thinks of buying the lot. If you are in town, come to us. You must not think that we are slack about you because Gustavus would have nothing to do with the money. He will be at home to-morrow till eleven. I shall not go out till two. We leave on Thursday. Yours, A. A."

This letter he received on the Wednesday. Up to that hour he had done nothing since his interview with Mr. Hart; nor during those few days did he hear from that gentleman, or from Captain Stubber, or from Mr. Boltby. He had written to Sir Harry refusing Sir Harry's generous offer, and subsequently to that had made up his mind to accept it,—and had asked, as the reader knows, for Mrs. Morton's assistance. But the making up of George Hotspur's mind was nothing. It was unmade again that day after dinner, as he thought of all the glories of Humblethwaite and Scarrowby combined. Any one knowing him would have been sure that he would do nothing till he should be further driven. Now there had come upon the scene in London one who could drive him.

He went to the Earl's house just at eleven, not wishing to seem to avoid the Earl, but still desirous of seeing as little of his friend on that occasion as possible. He found Lord Altringham standing in his wife's morning-room. "How are you, old fellow? How do things go with the heiress?" He was in excellent humour, and said nothing about the refused request. "I must be off. You do what my Lady advises; you may be sure that she knows a deal more about it than you or I." Then he went, wishing George success in his usual friendly, genial way, which, as George knew, meant very little.

With Lady Altringham the case was different. She was in earnest about it. It was to her a matter of real moment that this great heiress should marry one of her own set, and a man who wanted money so badly as did poor George. And she liked work of that kind. George's matrimonial prospects were more interesting to her than her husband's stables. She was very soon in the thick of it all, asking questions, and finding out how the land lay. She knew that George would lie; but that was to be expected from a man in his position. She knew also that she could with fair accuracy extract the truth from his lies.

"Pay all your debts, and give you five hundred pounds a year for his life."

"The lawyer has offered that," said George, sadly.

"Then you may be sure," continued Lady Altringham, "that the young lady is in earnest. You have not accepted it?"

"Oh dear, no. I wrote to Sir Harry quite angrily. I told him I wanted my cousin's hand."

"And what next?"

"I have heard nothing further from anybody."

Lady Altringham sat and thought. "Are these people in London bothering you?" George explained that he had been bothered a good deal, but not for the last four or five days. "Can they put you in prison, or anything of that kind?"

George was not quite sure whether they might or might not have some such power. He had a dreadful weight on his mind of which he could say nothing to Lady Altringham. Even she would be repelled from him were she to know of that evening's work between him and Messrs. Walker and Bullbean. He said at last that he did not think they could arrest him, but that he was not quite sure.

"You must do something to let her know that you are as much in earnest as she is."

"Exactly."

"It is no use writing, because she wouldn't get your letters."

"She wouldn't have a chance."

"And if I understand her she would not do anything secretly."

"I am afraid not," said George.

"You will live, perhaps, to be glad that it is so. When girls come out to meet their lovers clandestinely before marriage, they get so fond of the excitement that they sometimes go on doing it afterwards."

"She is as,—as—as sure to go the right side of the post as any girl in the world."

"No doubt. So much the better for you. When those girls do catch the disease, they always have it very badly. They mean only to have one affair, and naturally want to make the most of it. Well, now, what I would do is this. Run down to Humblethwaite."

"To Humblethwaite!"

"Yes. I don't suppose you are going to be afraid of anybody. Knock at the door, and send your card to Sir Harry. Drive into the stable-yard, so that everybody about the place may know that you are there, and then ask to see the Baronet."

"He wouldn't see me."

"Then ask to see Lady Elizabeth."

"She wouldn't be allowed to see me."

"Then leave a letter, and say that you'll wait for an answer. Write to Miss Hotspur whatever you like to say in the way of a love-letter, and put it under cover to Sir Harry—open."

"She'll never get it."

"I don't suppose she will. Not but what she may,—only that isn't the first object. But this will come of it. She'll know that you've been there. That can't be kept from her. You may be sure that she was very firm in sticking to you when he offered to pay all that money to get rid of you. She'll remain firm if she's made to know that you are the same. Don't let her love die out for want of notice."

"I won't."

"If they take her abroad, go after them. Stick to it, and you'll wear them out if she helps you. And if she knows that you are sticking to it, she'll do the same for honour. When she begins to be a little pale, and to walk out at nights, and to cough in the morning, they'll be tired out and send for Dr. George Hotspur. That's the way it will go if you play your game well."

Cousin George was lost in admiration at the wisdom and generalship of this great counsellor, and promised implicit obedience. The Countess went on to explain that it might be expedient to postpone this movement for a week or two. "You should leave just a little interval, because you cannot always be doing something. For some days after his return her father won't cease to abuse you, which will keep you well in her mind. When those men begin to attack you again, so as to make London too hot, then run down to Humblethwaite. Don't hide your light under a bushel. Let the people down there know all about it."

George Hotspur swore eternal gratitude and implicit obedience, and went back to his club.

Mr. Hart and Captain Stubber did not give him much rest. From Mr. Boltby he received no further communication. For the present Mr. Boltby thought it well to leave him in the hands of Mr. Hart and Captain Stubber. Mr. Boltby, indeed, did not as yet know all Mr. Bullbean's story, although certain hints had reached him which had, as he thought, justified him in adding the title of card-sharper to those other

titles with which he had decorated his client's cousin's name. Had he known the entire Walker story, he would probably have thought that Cousin George might have been bought at a considerably cheaper price than that fixed in the Baronet's offer, which was still in force. But then Mr. Hart had his little doubts also and his difficulties. He, too, could perceive that were he to make this last little work of Captain Hotspur's common property in the market, it might so far sink Captain Hotspur's condition and value in the world that nobody would think it worth his while to pay Captain Hotspur's debts. At present there was a proposition from an old gentleman, possessed of enormous wealth, to pay "all Captain Hotspur's debts." Three months ago, Mr. Hart would willingly have sold every scrap of the Captain's paper in his possession for the half of the sum inscribed on it. The whole sum was now promised, and would undoubtedly be paid if the Captain could be worked upon to do as Mr. Boltby desired. But if the gentlemen employed on this delicate business were to blow upon the Captain too severely, Mr. Boltby would have no such absolute necessity to purchase the Captain. The Captain would sink to zero, and not need purchasing. Mr. Walker must have back his money,—or so much of it as Mr. Hart might permit him to take. That probably might be managed; and the Captain must be thoroughly frightened, and must be made to write the letter which Mr. Boltby desired. Mr. Hart understood his work very well;—so, it is hoped, does the reader.

Captain Stubber was in these days a thorn in our hero's side; but Mr. Hart was a scourge of scorpions. Mr. Hart never ceased to talk of Mr. Walker, and of the determination of Walker and Bullbean to go before a magistrate if restitution were not made. Cousin George of course denied the foul play, but admitted that he would repay the money if he had it. There should be no difficulty about the money, Mr. Hart assured him, if he would only write that letter to Mr. Boltby. In fact, if he

would write that letter to Mr. Boltby, he should be made "square all round." So Mr. Hart was pleased to express himself. But if this were not done, and done at once, Mr. Hart swore by his God that Captain "Oshspur" should be sold up, root and branch, without another day's mercy. The choice was between five hundred pounds a year in any of the capitals of Europe, and that without a debt,—or penal servitude. That was the pleasant form in which Mr. Hart put the matter to his young friend.

Cousin George drank a good deal of curaçoa and doubted between Lady Altringham and Mr. Hart. He knew that he had not told everything to the Countess. Excellent as was her scheme, perfect as was her wisdom, her advice was so far more dangerous than the Jew's, that it was given somewhat in the dark. The Jew knew pretty well everything. The Jew was interested, of course, and therefore his advice must also be regarded with suspicion. At last, when Mr. Hart and Captain Stubber between them had made London too hot to hold him, he started for Humblethwaite,—not without leaving a note for "dear Mr. Hart," in which he explained to that gentleman that he was going to Westmoreland suddenly, with a purpose that would, he trusted, very speedily enable him to pay every shilling that he owed.

"Yesh," said Mr. Hart, "and if he ain't quick he shall come back with a 'andcuff on."

Captain Hotspur could not very well escape Mr. Hart. He started by the night-train for Penrith, and before doing so prepared a short letter for Miss Hotspur, which, as instructed, he put open under an envelope addressed to the Baronet. There should be nothing clandestine, nothing dishonourable. Oh dear, no! He quite taught himself to believe that he would have hated anything dishonourable or clandestine. His letter was as follows:—

"DEAREST EMILY,—After what has passed between us, I cannot bear not to attempt to see you or to write to you.

So I shall go down and take this letter with me. Of course I shall not take any steps of which Sir Harry might disapprove. I wrote to him two or three weeks ago, telling him what I proposed, and I thought that he would have answered me. As I have not heard from him I shall take this with me to Humblethwaite, and shall hope, though I do not know whether I may dare to expect, to see the girl I love better than all the world.—Always your own,

"GEORGE HOTSPUR."

Even this was not composed by himself, for Cousin George, though he could often talk well,—or at least sufficiently well for the purposes which he had on hand,—was not good with his pen on such an occasion as this. Lady Altringham had sent him by post a rough copy of what he had better say, and he had copied her ladyship's words verbatim. There is no matter of doubt at all but that on all such subjects an average woman can write a better letter than an average man; and Cousin George was therefore right to obtain assistance from his female friends.

He slept at Penrith till nearly noon, then breakfasted and started with post-horses for Humblethwaite. He felt that everybody knew what he was about, and was almost ashamed of being seen. Nevertheless he obeyed his instructions. He had himself driven up through the lodges and across the park into the large stable-yard of the Hall. Lady Altringham had quite understood that more people must see and hear him in this way than if he merely rang at the front door and were from thence dismissed. The grooms and the coachman saw him, as did also three or four of the maids who were in the habit of watching to see that the grooms and coachman did their work. He had brought with him a travelling-bag,—not expecting to be asked to stay and dine, but thinking it well to be prepared. This, however, he left in the fly as he walked round to the hall-door. The footman was already there when he appeared, as word had gone through the house that Mr. George

had arrived. Was Sir Harry at home? Yes, Sir Harry was at home;—and then George found himself in a small parlour, or book-room, or subsidiary library, which he had very rarely known to be used. But there was a fire in the room, and he stood before it, twiddling his hat.

In a quarter of an hour the door was opened, and the servant came in with a tray and wine and sandwiches. George felt it to be an inappropriate welcome; but still, after a fashion, it was a welcome.

"Is Sir Harry in the house?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Hotspur."

"Does he know that I am here?"

"Yes, Mr. Hotspur, I think he does."

Then it occurred to Cousin George that perhaps he might bribe the servant; and he put his hand into his pocket. But before he had communicated the two half-crowns, it struck him that there was no possible request which he could make to the man in reference to which a bribe would be serviceable.

"Just ask them to look to the horses," he said; "I don't know whether they were taken out."

"The horses is feeding Mr. Hotspur," said the man.

Every word the man spoke was gravely spoken, and George understood perfectly that he was held to have done a very wicked thing in coming to Humblethwaite. Nevertheless, there was a decanter full of sherry, which, as far as it went, was an emblem of kindness. Nobody should say that he was unwilling to accept kindness at his cousin's hands, and he helped himself liberally. Before he was interrupted again he had filled his glass four times.

But in truth it needed something to support him. For a whole hour after the servant's disappearance he was left alone. There were books in the room, —hundreds of them; but in such circumstances who could read? Certainly not Cousin George, to whom books at no time gave much comfort. Twice and thrice he stepped towards the bell, intending to ring it, and ask again for Sir Harry; but twice and thrice he paused. In his position he was bound not to give offence to Sir Harry. At last the door was opened, and with silent step, and grave demeanour, and solemn countenance, Lady Elizabeth walked into the room. "We are very sorry that you should have been kept so long waiting, Captain Hotspur," she said.

To be continued.

RUSKIN'S LECTURES ON ART.¹

BY STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

THERE are few men of our time who have been more largely praised or more bitterly attacked than Mr. Ruskin. There are none who have deserved more praise or more resolutely challenged attack. He has been so lavish in his approbation of certain artists and schools of art, that he has raised against them a cloud of opponents. He has been so unsparing in blame of certain others, so curiously inventive of terms of reproach, so audacious in his tilting against received opinions, and so felicitous sometimes in his hits, that he has forced into combination against him a number of determined foes. Of all men he should be the last to object to criticism, for his own sword seldom seeks the scabbard. And on the whole, though he professes with a certain archness a desire for peace, nothing gives him so much pleasure, or brings out his intellect so well, as war, when it is on a subject with which he is acquainted. He will run on, giving birth to paradox after paradox in an apparently gloomy manner, choosing for very wilfulness the obscurity of the Pythoness, as long as his listeners sit rapt and receptive at his feet. But the moment one of them, seeing that the paradoxes are becoming intolerable, starts up and meets them with a blunt contradiction, and declares war, Mr. Ruskin becomes radiant with good humour, his intellect becomes incisive, and he rushes to the fight with joy. Nothing is worse for him than worship; and if he had had less of it, he would have done the State more service. Half of his morbid and hopeless writing comes directly of this—that he has not been of late sufficiently

excited by respectful opposition to feel happy.

It may be said that he has had plenty of opposition of late, but it is not the sort which makes a man draw his sword with pride. Since he has devoted himself to economical and political subjects, the criticism he has met has been a criticism of laughter from his enemies and of dismay from his friends. It has been felt impossible to go seriously into battle against him, for his army of opinions are such stuff as dreams are made of, and their little life is rounded with a sleep. Throw upon them a clear light, and they disperse—

“The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither have they
vanished?”

We cannot say with Macbeth, “Would they had stayed;” but when we look back on the extraordinary series of proposals for regenerating the country, and remember the criminal classes set to draw canal boats under the lash, and the poor dressed all in one sad-coloured costume, and other things of this character, we may follow with Banquo’s words,

“Were such things here as we do speak
about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
Which takes the reason prisoner?”

In this way he has brought upon himself the loss of the impulse he derives from respectful and vigorous war. He has left the Delectable mountains where he fed his sheep, and gone back to the valley of the shadow of death. There, impressed with the withered image of Carlylism, which having surrendered hope sits now like giant Pope shaking its hands at the pilgrims of the world, and unable to do more than mutter curses at Liberalism, and invoke the

¹ Lectures on Art, delivered before the University of Oxford, &c. By John Ruskin, M.A., Slade Professor of Fine Art. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1870.

help of the aristocracy to sanctify and redeem the people: enthralled by this phantom of a past glory, he has found it almost impossible to go on drawing, with the peace necessary for an artist, the tombs of Verona, or to note down the fleeting loveliness of a sunset cloud. While the poor were perishing for want of fresh water and decent houses, he seemed to himself, we conjecture, to be like Nero, fiddling while Rome was burning. So he abandoned his own sphere—in which, whatever may be his faults, he was supreme by genius—to follow, *haud passibus æquis*, in the track of our Jeremiah, whose style is open to the same charge which Mr. Arnold makes so pathetically against the Jewish prophet. But the prophetic cry does not suit the gentler temper of Mr. Ruskin. With all his efforts we are thankful to say that he cannot arrive at making the uncouth noise which Carlyle made, and the uncouthness of which gave what he said more than half its force. He is too tender-hearted to curse heartily, and he cannot bear, like his prototype, to pour forth torrents of blame without proposing remedies for evils. But the remedies Ruskin has proposed are unpractical at this time and in this country, owing to his ignorance of the state of the poor. No man is less fitted to understand their true position. He is too sensitive to beauty, to cleanliness, to quietude, not to exaggerate the apparent misery of a life passed in the midst of ugliness, dirt, and noise. He thinks all the poor feel these things nearly as much as he does, and he cannot conceive, as we see from these lectures, that they should endure to live. We should suppose that he has never lived among them, nor seen how things among them are seasoned by custom. Those who have gone from room to room in the courts which Ruskin thinks so unendurable, know that there is, on the whole, as much happiness among them as there is among the upper classes; that there is more self-sacrifice, more of the peace of hard work, more good humour, more faithfulness to others in misfortune,

more every-day righteousness. Their chief evils are drunkenness, which has only lately vanished from among the upper classes; the torrent of alms which has been poured upon them, and which has drowned their independence and postponed their learning the lesson of prudence as opposed to their reckless extravagance. Their main wants are a really active sanitary board, directed by gentlemen in the cities and provinces, who will see that the common work is done with common honesty; and education, especially education in physical science. The commonest training in the first principles of physiology and chemistry, given accurately, will soon produce that state of active anger at their condition, and determination to have it rectified, which no State interference can give them, and which State interference sends to sleep. True, Ruskin advocates this kind of education, and has advocated it well; but he has done it as part of an elaborate system of direction by the State and by the upper classes,—direction which would be as evil to its victims as Romish direction is to the moral force of its patients. No nation has ever been saved by foreign help: the poor can never be saved by the action of the rich, only by their native exertion, and everything that Ruskin says on the subject, in these Lectures and elsewhere, is open to this most grave objection, that it takes away from the people the education which is gained by personal mistakes and personal conquest of mistakes.

Owing to these two things then,—ignorance of the real state of the poor, and the vicious idea of interference from above with the poor,—the remedies which Ruskin proposes are unpractical. At the same time many of his hints, divorced from their principles, are valuable, and we cannot doubt the earnestness and charity with which he speaks, nor refrain from loving him, though we disagree with him. But with the want of practical knowledge has come exaggeration, and with exaggeration disproportioned remedies; and the world, listening to the recital of woes ren-

dered unreal by the violence of the denunciations, and still more unreal by the proposals for their abolition, has lent its ear to Mr. Ruskin for a transient hour, and smiled and gone on its way, and he, having expended so much force for nought, and meeting no real opposition, has slid into melancholy, and from thence into despair.

Moreover, the treatment of such subjects at all, at least their direct treatment, was a great mistake on his part, the error of mistaking his calling. He has been given great powers, as great as those bestowed on any man in this century. He has read the book of nature with unwearied diligence and conscientious observation. He is in every sense a student. But he is far more, in that he is a man of genius; for he can not only see rightly (see the outline beneath the fulfilment), but he can express with passion which is sufficiently tempered to be intense, and with copiousness sufficiently charged with fact to be interesting, that which he has seen in the natural world. It is not too much to say that for many of us whose deepest pleasure is in the beauty of the world, he has tripled our power of pleasure. And it has been done, not as the Poet does it by developing intensity of feeling, but by appealing to feeling through the revelation of fact, and by the exquisite delight which we feel he takes in the discovery and the beauty of the fact, and by the charm of the vehicle through which he tells his story. Nobody before him took the trouble to tell us what mountains were like, for the descriptions of the geologist bear the same relation to the actual mountains that the detail of the skeleton bears to the living man. Nobody before him made the aspect of the sky, morning, noon, and evening, familiar as a household word, nor led us to look on clouds and all their beauty as as much objects of daily observation and delight as the ways of our children or the face of those we love. No one before him took us by the brooks of water and upon the sea, and made every ripple of the one and every wave-

form of the other a recognized pleasure. Wordsworth gave us much help, but he taught us to feel more than to observe and understand. But Ruskin has taught us to observe and understand, not as the scientific man does for the ends of science, but for the ends of *delight* received from the perception of truth, and no more faithful and splendid work has ever been done. One would say that this observer of the vaster aspects of nature for the end of Art, would be likely to fail in seeing the loveliness of the infinitely little, of the "beetle panoplied in gems and gold," of the "daisy's shadow on the naked stone," of the opening of a sheaf of buds, of the fairy wilderness of an inch or two of meadow. But neither here has he failed, and the reader of Mr. Ruskin's books may lie on his face in a field for half an hour, or watch the water of a stream eddying round a mossy trunk, and not only feel unremitting pleasure in what he sees, as Keats or Wordsworth would make him feel, but know why he feels his pleasure, add to his stock of artistic fact, and gain additional power of knowing beauty. All our hours of recreation have been blessed through him.

The same delicate sensitiveness to beauty combined with acute critical perception of minuter points of excellence has been applied by him to poetry. Since Coleridge we have had no finer work done on the Poets. It is a pity that his criticisms on Dante, Shakespeare, Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, and others, are not collected out of his volumes and published separately.¹ A book of this kind would be of infinitely more value than the useless "Selections from Ruskin;" a book which irritates one, even more than selections usually do, and has given an entirely false impression of his work to that luckless personage, the general reader.

¹ We do not mean to say that we agree with all Mr. Ruskin's views on Poetry. On the contrary, we often disagree with him, entirely so, for example, when he represents Keats as morbid and sad—a man of the healthiest nature and of the most happy temperament, till disease laid its hand upon his splendid but undeveloped powers.

The work which he has done on Pictures has been equally good of the same kind. He was perfectly capable of explaining their technical excellence, but he did not choose to write for artists, and we are glad that he laid this sort of work aside. For, however good it might be for special students, it gave no help to the public, and only led certain would-be connoisseurs to prate about morbidness and *chiar'oscuro*, and bold handling and a hundred other things, which in their mouths were little better than cant. We have been delivered by Mr. Ruskin from the technicalities of ignorant persons. He has led us more than all others to look for the conception of a picture, and to study the way in which the artist carried out that conception. He has taught us to compare it with the facts of nature which we are capable of observing, and to judge it partly from the artist's reverence for truth. We can now, having a certain method, enjoy the thing done with a great deal of delight, without knowing how it is done. Of course the enjoyment is not so great as his who can not only appreciate the ideas but also the mode of work; but it is something, and the smattering we had before of artistic phrase was worth nothing. Those who have time and inclination can go further, but the many who cannot, have now a real pleasure; they can give a reason why they like a picture instead of talking nonsense. Of course the dilettante Pharisees are angry, but that only increases the general thankfulness of the public.

Mr. Ruskin has not only shown us how to go to work. He has a rare power of seeing into the central thought of a picture, and his wide knowledge of the aspects of nature enables him to pronounce upon truth of representation. He has performed this labour notably on Turner and Tintoret. Turner's phrase, that "he sees meanings in my pictures which I did not mean," is the exact truth; and Shakespeare would no doubt have said the same had he read Schlegel. He has revealed the genius of Turner to the world by comparing Turner with Nature; and those who have spent

hour after hour in the enchanted rooms of the Ducal Palace, or wandered day after day through the sombre galleries of the Scuola San Rocco, know what he has done for Tintoret. It has been said that the world appreciated Turner before Ruskin spoke. A few persons and the artists did (no one ever imagined that the artists did not heartily acknowledge his genius), but artists have not the gift of speech, nor, with an exception or two, such as Eastlake, the faculty of criticism, and we have only found out at last from their biographies what they thought. It is absurd to quote their isolated sayings as a proof that the public understood and valued Turner before Ruskin wrote. Artists say that they pointed out Tintoret to Ruskin, but why did not they point him out to the world? The public wish to be taught, and the artists are silent. We expect it is that they have not much to say. They know what is good; so does Mr. Ruskin. But he takes the trouble to tell us what is good and why it is good, and we owe no gratitude to the artists and a very great deal to him.

Now to do all this, to read Nature, Poetry and Painting for us, and to continue doing it, was Ruskin's peculiar work, and the greater part of it was most nobly done. We ask, with sorrow, why he abandoned it? We have suffered no greater grief than when he left it and took up other labours, for which he was eminently unfitted, and the effect of which was to spoil his powers for his especial business. Sanitary reform, political economy, the dressing of England, manufactories, crime, poverty! *que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* A man must have iron nerves and little acute sense of beauty, to play his part in that battle-field, and the result on Ruskin has been like that which would follow on sending a poet like Shelley into one of the war hospitals. He ceases to be able to write poetry and he kills the patients.

This is one of the great mistakes which are scarcely ever remedied, and we trace its results in every one of these Lectures, which are weakened by the

forced introduction of irrelevant matter, and by the hopeless tone which much musing on miserable subjects has brought into his temper and his style. We trace the latter in the very first page, where he says that it "has chanced to him of late to be so little acquainted either with pride or hope that he can scarcely recover so much as he now needs of the one for strength, and of the other for foresight." We appeal to him to throw by altogether the peculiar class of subjects of which we speak, and to believe that when God has given him so plainly a particular work to do, it is his first duty to stick to that work, and to put aside everything which interferes with it. Hope will return when he does his proper labour, and the noble pride of the workman in his toil will give him strength when a crowd of importunate duties outside his sphere are sternly shut out, and he concentrates himself on the one great duty of his life—the unveiling to men Truth and Beauty in Art and in Nature.

We trace this despondent tone, and the consequent false view of the world, still more pathetically in a passage in the "Catalogue of Examples," where he describes himself as walking in his garden early in the morning to hear the nightingale sing, and sees "the sunlight falling on the grass through thickets of the standard peach, and of plum and pear in their first showers of fresh silver looking more like much broken and far-tossed spray of fountains than trees," and hears the roar of the railroads sounding in the distance, "like the surf of a strong sea," and thinks that "of all the myriads imprisoned by the English Minotaur of lust for wealth, and condemned to live, if it is to be called life, in the labyrinth of black walls and loathsome passages between them, which now fills the valley of the Thames—not one could hear, this day, any happy bird sing or look upon any quiet space of the pure grass that is good for seed." It is so strongly expressed and so prettily ended, and has so much of fact to bear it out, that one at first is inclined to believe it all. But it is very far from the whole truth.

Every year sees more grass in London, and more trees; the parks are more crowded with children and working men and roughs, who with all their rudeness respect the flowers and enjoy the meadow; the song of the thrush is not quite gone from the gardens of Kensington and Victoria Park; in spring and summer time, owing to the very railways which Ruskin seems anxious to abolish, thousands pour out of London every week to Epping and Richmond and Hampton and the Downs, and even drink the sea-breeze at Margate and Brighton. Our poor see far more of the country and of lovely places than they did in the past times which we glorify so foolishly; and bad as London is, it is better now that we have proved that we can actually stamp out the cholera, than it was in the days when the Black Death strode unopposed through its streets, and reaped a harvest in its filthy lanes and reeking cottages, which it could not reap at the present time, when the whole nation is ten times cleaner.

It is a picture by Cima of Conegliano, which he introduces to the students with this burst of sorrow, and he bids them look upon it when they would be in the right temper for work. "It will seem to speak to you if you look long: and say again, and yet again, *Ἴδε δ αἶψα*. His own Alps are in the distance, and he shall teach us how to paint their wild flowers, and how to think of them." Professor Ruskin seems to infer from the whole of this passage, and from others in the Lectures, that when these delicate and beautiful pictures were painted by Bellini, Cima, and others, there was more enjoyment of the country and of lovely things by the poor, (as if our love of landscape was not ten times more wide-spread than that of the Venetians!) and that the poor were better off, and lived a cleaner and healthier life, and had better dwellings than they now possess in London. Neither Bellini nor Conegliano, we imagine, troubled themselves as much about the poor as even a vestryman of St. Pancras, and if we take the city of Venice, to whose school Cima belonged, the facts which speak of dirt,

disease, and ill living, are appalling. In 1392 the Doge Morosini died of a great plague which swept away 19,000 souls. Not quite a century afterwards, in 1476, the Pest came again, and in 1484 it was again raging with unrelenting fury. In 1556 plague and famine again devastated the city. Checked for a time, it broke out again with desolating violence in 1576; and in 1630 the great church of S. M. della Salute, which guards the entrance of the Grand Canal, was built by the vows of the Senate to beseech the prayers of the Virgin to avert another awful destruction from the people. We know now pretty well, by our own sad experience, what these visitations mean. They mean that the curse of darkness and low living, and vile dwellings, and pestilential crowding was as deep over the sun-girt city where Cima of Conegliano worked, as it ever has been in England, as it is not now in England. None of the other Italian cities were much better off, though plague was naturally worse in Venice, from its closer connection with the East, from its vast population, and from its want of fresh-water and drainage.

This curious inability of seeing facts, when he is entangled with matters irrelevant to his proper work, has spoiled some of Professor Ruskin's past labour, and diminishes the influence of these Lectures. In another man it would be culpable negligence. In his case, he is partly blinded by his crowning mistake, to which we have alluded, and partly swept away by his theory. But men should not be blinded, and should not be swept away, and Ruskin's work suffers in consequence. For by and by (and this is frequently the case) he is sure to see the other side of his theory and to dwell on that with equal force. Both statements are set over one against each other, but in different portions of his works; and the world of readers naturally declares that he has contradicted himself. He denies this, saying that he has stated both sides of the truth; but stating both these sides separately and with equal vehemence, without having balanced them, he runs into exaggera-

tion in both, and, instead of distinctly defining one truth, rushes into two mistakes. The result is that those who admire and revere his teaching, as we ourselves most sincerely do, are greatly troubled at times to defend him and to understand him. They are wearied by the efforts they have to make to set aside what is due to impetuosity, and to find by a laborious comparison of passages what the truth really is which he desires to tell.

We hoped, for example, that in the lecture on "The Relation of Art to Morality" he would have laid down plainly what he meant on this vexed subject. But we are bound to say that he has done so in a confused manner. His first phrase is, "You must have the right moral State or you cannot have the Art." He does not say you must have certain moral qualities in an artist or a nation, or you cannot have noble art;—he makes the immense requirement of a *right moral state*, which is either too vague a definition, or means that the whole state of any artist's moral character must be right or he will not produce good work. Everybody at once denies this, and brings examples to disprove it. Ruskin says that those who have misapprehended the matter have done so because they did not know who the great painters were, such as those "who breathed empyreal air, sons of the morning, under the woods of Assisi, and the crags of Cadore." Well, let us take him of Cadore. The life of Titian is not the life of a man in a right moral state, in our usual sense of the words; nor does it agree with Ruskin's sketch of a moral life, in which he includes "any actual though unconscious violation of even the least law to which obedience is essential for the glory of life and the pleasing of its giver." Titian lived the life of a noble natural character, but his morals were entirely unrestrained by any considerations belonging to high morality. He was the friend of Arcino, and that speaks volumes for his moral standard. Tintoret, a much higher moral character,

despised Aretino. Titian dined with that vile person with the vilest of women. It does not say much for his reverence that he had no objection to chant the Magnificat over a dish of savoury partridges. He lived freely, he spent his money freely, he drank freely, though wisely. Nor was the society of his city in a right moral state. It had not sunk down into the faded baseness of Venice before the French Revolution. It had still a reverence for truth, and honour, and generosity, but these were combined with an audacious immorality of the body, with fiery jealousies, with the most headlong following of passions. A good deal of this is confessed by Professor Ruskin, but his confession only proves that his original phrase is far too large for his meaning. What he does mean, if we take the illustrations which follow as explanations, is this, that whatever is good in an artist's work springs from some corresponding element of good in his character, as, for example, truth of representation from love of truth. But this only predicates the existence in him of some moral qualities, not that he is in a right moral state, which means that the whole of his character is moral. With these moral qualities may exist immoral qualities, such as sensuality, and the evil influence of that will also be seen in his work. Stated thus, Ruskin only means that a man's character is accurately reflected in his art, and this, with respect to the *ideas* of his work, we are by no means disposed to deny, seeing it may be called a truism.

But in other places, in scattered phrases, he seems to speak directly from the large statement, and to assume that it is true in its entirety, though he has modified it again and again. This is the element of confusion in the lecture, and it is at times extremely provoking.

It is worth while, perhaps, to look at the subject more closely. Noble art is the splendid expression, through intense but subdued feeling, of noble ideas. Nobleness of conception is its first element; but it is also necessary that

the ideas should be represented simply, directly, and in a manner true to natural fact; that the harmony of the work should be complete, and also its finish; that the subordination of the parts to the whole, and their several relations, should be clear in statement, unbroken by any extravagance in any part, or any indulgence of mere fancy; and that the technical skill employed should be almost intuitive in absolute ease, accuracy, and knowledge.

Does all this presuppose a right moral state in the Artist? The first element does partly do so, for it is not possible that a base person can have noble thoughts or express them nobly,—at least in the ear or to the eye of a noble person: the imitation is at once detected; nor is the feeling of a base person ever intense, and even should he possess some passion, he cannot subdue it to the calm in which a great thought can alone take its correspondent form. Even that love of sensual pleasure which is so characteristic of artist life, and which by no means supposes a base character, though often an immoral one, spoils, we think, the predominance of high imagination in artistic work. No one who has studied Titian and Tintoret can, in our opinion, compare the two, so far as moral majesty of thought is concerned, and grandeur of imagination. In these points Tintoret as far excels Titian as his life was simpler and purer than Titian's. The same may be said of Raphael and Michael Angelo. But on the other hand, a man like Angelico may be in a much more right moral state than Titian, and yet never reach his nobility of conception.

It is plain, after all, that the possession of Imagination is the first thing, and of Individuality the second, and that the moral condition only influences and does not secure or destroy the ideas of genius. What really reduced the work of the later artists of the Renaissance to its poverty of ideas while retaining exquisite technical skill, was not their moral state, which was by no means so bad as Ruskin says; but the way in which all individuality was over-ridden by the predominance of the Past.

They became imitators, not inventors, and even Raphael's work shows that this deadening influence had begun. The Renaissance began by intensifying individuality and setting it free, in the case of Art, from the shackles of religious conventionality; it ended by laying a heavier yoke of convention on Art than even religion had done. Art could not endure that, and it perished.

On the whole, then, noble conceptions in an artist's work only presuppose *some* moral elements in his character, and it is not seldom the case that when an artist's moral state is absolutely right, there is a want in his work of healthy naturalness, of fire and warmth, of bold representation of human life. He is liable to be overawed by his own morality, he is likely to direct his work to a moral end as his *first* aim; and that would be the ruin of Art.

But putting noble ideas aside, and taking up the other qualities of great Art, such as preciseness of handling and the rest, do these necessarily presuppose a right moral state in the artist, or even analogous moral qualities? Ruskin boldly declares that they do. The infinite grace of the words of Virgil is due, he says, to his deep tenderness. The severity—severe conciseness, we suppose—of the words of Pope, to his serene and just benevolence. Both of these excellences may have been influenced by the moral qualities mentioned; but we suspect they were mainly due to the literary work which preceded the *Æneid* and the *Essay on Man*. Pope was the last great artist of that critical school which began, we may say, with Dryden. Virgil developed into perfection the gracefulness which the Roman world of letters had been striving to attain for many years. They entered into the labours of other men, and added to these the last touch.

Professor Ruskin goes still further with respect to Art. After speaking in his best manner of the day's work of a man like Mantegna or Veronese, and of the unfaltering, uninterrupted succession of movements of the hand more precise than those of a skilful fencer; of the muscular precision and the intellectual

strain of such movement, and of its being governed every instant by direct and new intention, and of this sustained all life long, with visible increase of power,—he turns round and adds: "Consider, so far as you know anything of physiology, what sort of an ethical state of body and mind that means! Ethic through ages past! What fineness of race there must be to get it; what exquisite balance of the vital powers! And then, finally, determine for yourselves whether a manhood like that is consistent with any viciousness of soul, mean anxiety or gnawing lust, any wretchedness of spite or remorse, any consciousness of rebellion against law of God or man," &c. &c. (p. 72). In this he has left his modifications behind and swept back to his large statement, and, without denying the portion of truth in the sentence, it is plain that the inference is not at all a necessary one. These qualities of the artist may be the result, partly of natural gift, and partly of a previous art development, into the advantages of which he steps at once. They presuppose that the artist has been born into a school which has brought its methods up to a certain point of perfection, from which a completer development is possible. His genius adds to the past what was needed to perfect it, and Titian or Turner orb their special Art into its perfect sphere. The ethic state into which Ruskin demands that he should be placed, because of his precise hand, may not be an ethic state at all. His absolute power of touch says, it is true, that neither the artist himself nor his parents were desperate drunkards nor imprudent sensualists, that they kept their physical frame in fine order. But does that prove his morality or that of his parents? A calculating sensualist, who is prudent in his indulgence, may have a healthier body than the man who has fought against sensualism all his life. A man may be a liar or a thief, and his bodily powers be in exquisite harmony. Fineness of race does not prove an antecedent morality, nor perfection of handling an artist's truth or honesty.

Again, he may have the patient power of a great master, his government of the hand by selective thought, his perception of the just harmony of colour, and the man himself be at the same time neither patient, nor temperate, nor pure in his daily life. For all artists can lead a double life, life in the world and life in their art; and genius and morality are two things, not one. Their several qualities resemble one another, but they are not identical. The intense industry of genius, its patience, its temperance in the centre of passion, are of its very nature; but outside the sphere of an artist's work, in matters of common life, where these qualities would become moral in resistance to sloth, to bad temper, and to sensual indulgence, they may and do completely fail; nay, even the restraint of the studio may lead directly to absence of restraint in the world. One cannot argue as Ruskin does from the possession of the one to the possession of the other, though we may with him distinctly argue from the artist's search for lovely forms, and thoughts to express, to his moral temper. We partly agree then and partly disagree with our writer, but we have no hope that people in general will ever know clearly whether they agree or disagree with Mr. Ruskin on this subject till he tells us plainly what he means by a moral state, for surely the prevalence of kindness and order in a character does not sum up the whole of its meaning.

With regard to the aim of Art, Ruskin is much clearer than on the question of Art in relation to Morality. He can no longer be attacked on the ground that he denies that the first aim of Art should be to give a high pleasure, for he states plainly that every good piece of art involves essentially and first the evidence of human skill and the formation of an actually beautiful thing by it. We agree with him that, beyond this, Art may have two other objects, Truth and Serviceableness. Mr. Ruskin has done no work so well and so usefully as that in which he has proved that great Art is always true, and that so far as it does not represent the facts of things, it is

neither vital nor beautiful. The statement has naturally to be modified when one comes to ideal pictures, but it bears modification without the contradiction of its principle; and the mode in which, in the "Modern Painters," these modifications are worked out within the sphere of the original statement is equally subtle and true. The necessity that there should be serviceableness as one element of the artist's conception appears chiefly in the Art of Architecture, and the general reception of the idea that everything in a building should be *motivé* towards the purpose of the building is largely due to the "Stones of Venice" and the "Seven Lamps of Architecture." In the present lecture on "The Relation of Art to Use," he goes, we think, too far. The usefulness of truthful portraiture no man denies, but we do not believe in Art being serviceable to Geology, Botany, and History, except on the condition of its ceasing to be art. The great artist can draw mountains accurately without knowing geology, and flowers without knowing botany; but he cannot help either geologist or botanist by work which, if it is imaginative, must generalize truth. Moreover, it is waste of time; as great a waste of time as Ruskin himself makes when he torments himself with business. A section of Skiddaw, sufficient for all purposes, can be drawn by any pupil in the School of Mines. Again, in the matter of history, it is a very pretty pastime to illustrate Carlyle's Frederick, to draw the tomb of Henry the Fowler, or the battle-field of Minden; but so far as service to the historian is concerned, a photograph of the tomb and a map of the field by the Ordnance Survey would be far more useful. The artist would paint his impressions of the tomb and of the field of battle; the pictures would be delightful, but Turnerian topography would not assist the historian much.

Art is not to be a handmaid to Science or History, but to exist wholly within her own sphere and for her own ends. Her utility is in the communication of beauty and the giving of a noble enjoy-

ment. She is the handmaid, not of any particular class of men, but of mankind, and the best advice to give to students who wish to make art useful is this, "Don't draw for the help of Science or History, draw for your own delight in Nature and Humanity—and to increase the delight of others. If your work lives to stir or confirm an enduring energy, or to kindle a true feeling, or to lead men to look more wisely, kindly, or closely at the life of humanity or the world of nature, it will be of more ennobling usefulness than all the labours of scientific or historical scholars. Let this be your aim, to give high pleasure to men, and to sacrifice your life for that. Then the usefulness of your art is secured."

We have left ourselves but little space in which to speak of the three last practical lectures on "Line," "Light," and "Colour." They go straight, with the inevitable digressions intermixed, to the objects of the Art School. The conception which Ruskin has of those objects is different from the usual one, but it is none the worse for that. It is well that one professor at least should see that one of the first aims of an art school at a university should be to teach young men to see beautiful natural fact and to love its beauty. In after-life they will demand it of artists, and the demand will react with benefit both on artists and art. They cannot learn this better than by drawing natural objects with accuracy. Ruskin has given himself to the teaching of this, and his method seems to be admirable. We refer our readers to the Lectures, but his main object, in his own words, is this, to teach his pupils "to draw spaces of their true shape, and to fill them in with colours which shall match their colours." He is right in dwelling upon colour more than on light and shade, and in his protest against the theory that shadow is an absence of colour. No words in the whole Lectures, considered not only as truth, but as establishing in his hearers' minds a true ideal of Art, are more important than these two sentences. "Shadow is necessary to the full presence of colour, for every colour

is a diminished quantity or energy of light, and, practically, it follows, from what I have just told you, that every light in painting is a shadow to higher lights, and every shadow a light to lower shadows; that also every colour in painting must be a shadow to some brighter colour and a light to some darker one, all the while being a positive colour itself. And the great splendour of the Venetian school arises from their having seen and held from the beginning this great fact—that shadow is as much colour as light, often much more . . . while the practice of the Bolognese and Roman schools in drawing their shadows always dark and cold renders *perfect* painting impossible in those schools." That is one sentence; here is the other: "Whether you fill your spaces with colours or with shadows, they must be equally of the true outline and in true gradations. Without perfect delineation of form and perfect gradation of space, neither noble colour is possible nor noble light." Principles of these kinds worked out in teaching and taught by personal superintendence will make some of his pupils good workmen, and all good judges of the general aspects of art. To illustrate these things and others, and to inspire the students, Professor Ruskin, with a noble generosity for which he has not been sufficiently thanked—he has been so often generous that men have come to look upon his gifts as they look upon the gifts of air and light, so common that one forgets to be grateful—has given to the School of Art a whole collection of examples, many of them of great value and rarity, and many of them his own personal work, the results of years of accurate study and patient drawing. There are some artists who have been impertinent enough to despise and even to deny the artistic quality of Ruskin's work. But many of these drawings of flowers, of shells, of old buildings, and especially of such stonework as Gothic capitals, Venetian doorways, the porches of cathedrals, are of the highest excellence, and possess a quality of touch and an imaginative sympathy with the

thing represented, combined with an exquisite generalization of truth for which we look in vain in the work of many artists whose names stand high.

We believe that by Ruskin's work at the Art School in Oxford this result at least will be attained, that the young men who afterwards will become, by their wealth, patrons and buyers of art, will know good work when they see it, and be able and willing to rescue from the ruin of Italian restorers and destroyers pictures which are now perishing, unpitied and unknown. They will cease to waste their money. The expenditure, at present, of rich people, on the most contemptible nicknacks, on Swiss cottages and silver *flagree*, and Florentine frames and copies on china at Dresden and *pietra dura*, is as pitiable as it is incredible. Room after room in large houses is filled with trash which ought to be destroyed at once, for the demand for it keeps a mass of men producing things which are only worthy to pave roads with. The very production of copies of pictures is in itself a crime, and the only thing which is worse is the buying of them.

But we must close our paper. We have spoken with openness of the faults which we find in Professor Ruskin's work, and it has been difficult to assume the critic: for our own gratitude to him has been and is so deep, and we are so persuaded of the influence for good which he has had on England, that blame had to become as great a duty as praise before we could express it. And even in the midst of our blame, we felt the blessing of contact with a person of a strong individuality, the pleasure of meeting in the middle of a number of writers cut out after the same pattern, with one who cuts out his own pattern and alters it year by year. His theories may, many of them, be absurd, but we may well put up with the absurdity of some for the sake of the excellence of others, more especially for the sake of the careful work which hangs on to them and can be considered apart from them. We should be dismayed to lose the most original man in England. It is quite

an infinite refreshment to come across a person who can gravely propose to banish from England all manufactories which require the use of fire, who has the quiet audacity to contradict himself in the face of all the reviewers, and who spins his web of fancies and thoughts without caring a straw what the world thinks of them. The good which a man of so marked an originality does to us all is great, if it is provoking; and we had rather possess him with his errors than a hundred steady-going writers who can give solemn reasons for all they say. The intellectual excitement which he awakens, the delight and anger which he kindles in opposite characters, and the way in which his words create a stir of debate, marks the man of genius whose mistakes are often as good as other persons' victories, and who from this very quality of individuality, united to the personal attractiveness of his simple and sympathetic humanity, is calculated to be of great and lasting good to Oxford.

We have read many lectures on Art Subjects, many books on Art Criticism. They have their merits, merits which Mr. Ruskin's work does not possess. They are formal, easily understood, carefully arranged; all scattered thought, or impetuous fancy, or wild theory is banished from their pages. We walk through a cultivated garden, the beds are trimly laid down, the paths are neat and straight, the grass is closely shaven, the trees are trees of culture, the very limes on the edge are kept in order, and walls surround it on all sides. At last, on the very outskirts of the garden, beyond the bounding wall, and looked down upon by a row of pert hollyhocks who have in the course of many seasons arrived at the power of producing double flowers in an artistic manner, we catch a glimpse of a wild bit of grassy land, full of grey boulders and some noble trees growing as they like it, and below a brook chattering pleasantly over the stones. Every flower of the field blooms here and runs in and out among the rocks and roots after its own sweet will. The woodbine, the wild rose sprays, the ivy and moss, play the

maddest and the prettiest pranks by the brook-side. The sky is blue above, with a world of drifting clouds, and the ground below is a mystery of light and colour. It is true there are burnt spaces of grass here and there, and clusters of weeds,

and now and then a decayed tree stem; but for all that, when we see the pleasant place, we do not think twice about it, we forget our garden, we leap the wall—and we live far more than half of our art life with the books of Ruskin.

SONNET.

NOR that Disease his cruel hand has raised,
 And clutched away thy beauty and thy strength,
 Threatening to hold them all thy sad days' length;—
 It is not this which made the eyes that gazed
 Falter, and fill with trembling tears that dazed
 My inward vision, like my outward view,
 Till hope and courage faded, and I knew
 A bitter dread, which left me dumb, amazed.
 No, it was this: that fell disease should gain
 Over thy virtues and thy steadfast mind
 A hold, which through long years of health to find,
 All sins, and all temptations sought in vain.
 Ay, 'tis this dread which sometimes makes me dumb;
 Death, tho' I love him, ere this comes, oh come!

LUCY KNOX.

BELGIUM IN 1848 AND 1870.

BY A BELGIAN SUBJECT.

Of all the horrid episodes of this unholy war, that of August 2 may perhaps be fixed on as most deserving of reprobation. We are told how, on the afternoon of that day, the Prince Imperial (whose idle moments had recently been spent in vanquishing battalions of toy Prussians, which fell flat at the turning of a handle) was made to discharge a real mitrailleuse at real Prussians, by means of an ingenious mechanical contrivance (*au moyen d'un ingénieux appareil mécanique*). The Prussians went down like a field of rye before the scythe. The hope of the dynasty looked on, and neither flinched nor paled: it was his baptism of fire and blood. The army wept, the Emperor said, "Well done," the Empress fell on her knees before Our Lady of Victory. The first scene in the programme drawn up at the Tuileries for the consolidation of the dynasty was well acted. France was bidden to participate in the joy of this military festival (*cette petite fête militaire*). The world knows by this time how that *fête* has ended.

It is a relief to turn to the annals of a younger nation, and there read of another method of consolidating a dynasty. In 1848, when the news of the proclamation of the French republic reached Brussels, Leopold thus addressed his assembled ministers: "If the nation feels that its prosperity will be best secured by the adoption of a republican rather than a monarchical form of government, I am ready to lay down the crown as freely as I took it, setting aside all considerations of family or dynasty."

Up to that period there had been no stronger principle of cohesion in Belgium than its dislike of its eastern and western neighbours. The Walloons clung to their own dialect, and viewed with distrust

and jealousy the gradual spread of the French language. The Flemish were indifferent to the French, but detested the Dutch. The Constitution of 1830 was a bond of union far less strong than were these old antipathies. From the overthrow of the Orleans dynasty in France dates the uprising of true national spirit in Belgium, and of real attachment to the Coburg dynasty.

The vehement outbursts of patriotic feeling, the enthusiastic expressions of loyalty called forth by the king's declaration, were viewed with mingled contempt and incredulity by a large party of French republicans. Belgium had solved a problem which France had been unable to solve. Belgium had realized a Utopia, a republican monarchy. The French saw a king guiding himself by the Constitution, and a democracy clinging to the throne as the palladium of its liberties. Separation of Church and State; an untrammelled press; freedom of election, of petition, of education, of assembly, of association: such were the rights and guarantees for which France was clamouring in 1848, and which Belgium had enjoyed for seventeen years.

Ignoring or forgetting this, a few of the most hotheaded Parisian patriots agreed that the blessing of republicanism which they had just secured for themselves, must be forced upon Belgium without loss of time. There were then in Paris large numbers of Belgians, who, owing to the jealousy of the Parisian workmen, had been dismissed from the *ateliers*. Inflamed by republican harangues, and headed by a few Frenchmen, destitute alike of character and occupation, they formed themselves into a body calling itself the Belgian legion; and, bearing a tricoloured flag, set off by

train from Paris to the number of two thousand, to conquer Belgium and make her free. Instead of the universal rising in their favour which they had expected, they were met on crossing the frontier by a small body of Belgian troops, and dispersed or made prisoners after two hours' fighting. A second Belgian legion was formed at Paris consisting of a larger admixture of the French element, and of vagabonds and criminals escaped from Belgian prisons. But by this time the two Governments had arrived at an understanding. It was evident to the dullest intellect, that, Belgium having recognized the right of France to choose her own form of government, the efforts of Parisian republicans to impose a republic on Belgium could no longer be winked at. At Valenciennes the Belgian legion was stopped. The Belgians, rogues and honest men, were weeded out and consigned to the frontier, where a body of police were ready to claim those who were "wanted" at Vilvorde and other places of detention. The French element was sent back to Paris. Some score or so of these liberators rushed forthwith into print, and informed Paris how in their haste to carry freedom to Belgium they had travelled from Paris to Valenciennes unrefreshed; and how the Valenciennes police had sent them back as hungry as they came. Warned that the French Government would in future neither countenance nor connive at any such expeditions, the promoters of them turned their energies to other tasks. Yet while Government repudiated all such attempts against the Belgian monarchy, much surprise was felt that Belgium should cling to her Constitution and her king rather than throw herself into the arms of France. With immense variety of language, Frenchmen reminded each other that France was the centre of civilization; that her mission was to liberate the whole world; that in refusing the political supremacy of France, Belgium was grievously neglecting her own interests. The tone of mournful regret used by French writers of that period, in reviewing the conduct of the little kingdom, might

almost raise a smile. Her right to be ruled as she pleased is conceded, but conceded grudgingly. It is all in consequence of the Beer. From Belgium drunk the French nation appeals in 1848 to Belgium sober.

Alas! they might appeal rather to Belgium starving. In the midst of the shaking of thrones, Belgium, notwithstanding her envied Constitution, was hampered by a distress for which we can only find a parallel in the potato famine in Ireland. For a long series of years, while agriculture and commerce in the other provinces had steadily increased, the prospects of the flax districts in East and West Flanders had gradually become more gloomy. The causes of this depression were so various and in some cases of such old date, that they can scarcely be enumerated within the limits of this paper. One may, however, be briefly mentioned, as being much insisted on—i.e. the gradual extinction of small holdings, whereby the flax-worker was compelled to purchase the raw material, instead of growing it year by year on his own little plot of ground. In 1824 the daily wage of a weaver, the loom being the master's property, and the raw material supplied, was 3 francs. In 1848 the daily wage of a weaver was 30 centimes (3*d.*), and that of a flax spinner 12 centimes (1*d.*). At this period the misery of Flanders rose to a height hitherto unknown. To the rigours of the winter were added the plagues of typhus and relapsing fever; the half-starved population was decimated. Long seasons of chronic distress had drained the feeble resources of the small towns and country districts. The dead and the dying lay side by side, naked and uncared for. Hordes of miserable peasants besieged the prison doors, entreating to be let in. Malt and brewery refuse was stolen, the flesh of diseased cattle was eagerly devoured. In the midst of such appalling misery Belgium chose to seek for her remedy from within rather than from without. A commission was appointed by Government to inquire into the causes of the distress. New laws were

passed and old ones repealed, fresh efforts were made to promote the export of Belgian manufactures, and a large sum was voted for the succour of Flanders and the flax districts in the adjoining provinces. But though wise measures were taken by Government, and though the stream of public and private benevolence flowed without stint, the evil could not be conjured away till it had left its mark throughout the land.

Such was the state of Belgium when Leopold offered to lay aside the crown. It would not have been surprising if amidst the prevalent distress the people had desired to try a form of government which their sanguine neighbours believed would banish poverty from the face of the earth. But there was a strong conviction, based on their previous knowledge of Leopold, that he would prove a more efficient guide than any half-dozen of untried Republicans; and this conviction kept the people quiet, in spite of hunger and want of work.

It has been said by their Gallic neighbours that the Belgians are dull, uncouth, and wanting in the courtesies of life; that they love their ease; that they are gluttons and sots; also, that they would rather make money than go to war for an idea. There is some truth in these statements, but not the whole truth. The Belgians are a mixed race, and are full of contradictions. You shall see the olive complexion and full dark eye of the Spaniard side by side with the pink-and-white skin and light blue eye of the slumbrous Fleming. You shall see a portly, dignified Catholic gentleman, an English country gentleman as it were, fly into transports of Gallic fury, expressed in the best Brussels French, when a Liberal opponent treads on his tenderest Catholic corn. The people are quiet enough, they are sturdy and independent and tenacious; they have stiff back-bones, and cannot mop and mow and twist and turn. "Hold your tongue," says a downright Fleming, when he hears a strange story. Yet he means no offence in the world.

They go a head, Flemings and Walloons, in a plodding, steady, silent way, peculiarly their own; but touch their liberties, and they will growl like an English mob, and shriek like a French one. The late elections have proved that they have a faculty for stone-throwing. Every Sunday and Monday prove their capacity for getting drunk.

It is an old French boast that when Paris is convulsed, a thrill of anguish runs through all Europe. As far as Belgium is concerned, the boast is by no means out of date. The period between the late Emperor's declaration of war and the opening of the Belgian Parliament was one of utter panic. It is no exaggeration to say that people turned pale and felt their hearts sink within them when the infamous *Projet de traité* became known. The French were expected any day. The wildest reports circulated. The royal family were said to have taken refuge at Antwerp; the whole contents of the National Bank were said to have been transported to the fortress there. Paper money was looked upon with suspicion; the peasants refused to take even the National Bank notes. Art and literature were laid aside, rich and poor began to hoard up their coin, creditors pressed for payment, the value of property decreased to an alarming degree. And all because of the cry which the English knew of old, "The French are coming!"

Gradually regaining her energies and her calm, Belgium began to calculate her chances and examine her resources. There had been at no time a belief that the French would be kept off, if they chose to come; but there had been always a steadfast resolution to die hard rather than submit to Imperial despotism. "Can England help us?" "Will England help us?" was the question of the day. All parties united in severe criticism of the conduct of England. Everything which she might have done she was declared to have left undone. Had Lord Clarendon or Lord Palmerston been alive, or had Earl Russell been at the Foreign Office, it was asserted that events would have

taken a different turn. The English ambassadors at Paris and Berlin were accused of the most culpable indifference.

A panic-stricken people could hardly be expected to view things in their just proportions. With the Prusso-Danish war fresh in their minds, they may be forgiven if in the extremity of terror they accused England of indifference to their fate. They felt keenly that their disappearance from the face of the earth would not touch England's heart or England's pocket. As a nation they were poor and of small account. And France was felt to be omnipotent among nations. Without loss of time the army was put on a war footing. A law was passed enabling deserters to take their old place in the ranks, the inmates of military prisons were sent back to their regiments. Not one man could be spared of the hundred thousand, when the combat might be *pro aris et focis*. The militia was called out. Masters and workmen, Catholics and Liberals, laid aside their strife, and joined on the common ground of nationality.

When the news came of the surrender of the army and the Emperor, the recoil after the tension was almost too great to bear. After one brief outburst of popular exultation, men began silently to measure the greatness of the danger past. So different an issue had been expected, that the actual result was scarcely to be believed. The peasants asked the townfolk, was it really true that the French Emperor was taken "*comme un autre*?" Once delivered from its incubus, the people with one consent forgot everything except the heroic deeds of the French army and the awful sufferings of the wounded. At the news of the battle of Sedan, the town of Namur placed its resources at the disposal of the Brussels Society for the Relief of the Wounded. The sum of 100,000 francs was voted by the town council of Brussels, 80 beds were placed in the *Brood-huys*—that large building behind the statues of Egmont and Horn in the Grande Place—80 in the Salle du Conservatoire, 100 in the concert rooms of the Vauxhall du Parc. Various other

localities, public and private, were placed at the disposal of the society. Women of all ranks have sought the privilege of wearing the red cross. The lectures given in Rue Montague de l'Oratoire to an audience of twelve ladies, on the right method of bandaging and the preliminary treatment of wounds, were within a week of the commencement of the war so numerous attended that it was found necessary to give two lectures daily instead of one. That these lectures should partially have failed in the object which first drew their audiences, *i.e.* service at the ambulances, is not surprising. Where the zeal and self-devotion of Sisters of Charity have failed, what amateur could hope to hold out? But where physical strength was found wanting, sympathy and goodwill remained, so that gifts have poured in, and the hands and hearts of the hospital workers have been strengthened, while such offices as weak hands could render have been rendered eagerly and lovingly.¹

In face of the events of the last few weeks, the attitude of Belgium is one of vigilance, prudence, and resolution. Half Flemish and half Walloon, she would willingly join hands with the two great neighbours on either side. But she is in no mood to have her existence bartered away by Prussia and France. And though there are more republicans in Brussels now than there were in 1848, the country at large would not be one whit readier to receive a republic from Paris than it was then. It

¹ After the capitulation King Leopold sent M. Vleminkse, Physician-in-Chief to the Belgian Army, down to Sedan, with full powers to bring to Brussels all wounded who might not be otherwise cared for. He found 2,500, of whom 1,500 were not in a state to admit of removal. The rest he brought away. But at every town where a halt was made, the people came out and not only entreated but insisted on having wounded men left them to nurse. "We have comfortable beds prepared. Our wives are ready and the doctors are ready. We will care for them as if they were our own sons." So, by twos and threes, and tens and twenties, the ambulance forgoons dropped their groaning burdens, and M. Vleminkse came back to Brussels with seventeen wounded only.

feels, as in 1848, that a republic could give it nothing which it does not already possess. However plausible may be the theories of politicians respecting this or the other form of government, we must remember the fact, that within the last thirty years no State in the world has developed its resources in so large a proportion, or improved its general condition so steadily, as the little kingdom of Belgium.

Here, a few statistics might have been aptly inserted, to prove the truth of the above assertion. Let the reader look at the continental railway map, and note the closeness of the network of railway lines in this little corner, and he will be inclined to believe the assertion was not an empty boast. As I write these lines, echoes old and new, of battle-fields and of war-time, fill and thicken the air like our heavy autumn fogs, and statistics of prosperity seem horribly out of place. One comes in, just returned from Sedan. The town is starving. Respectable *bourgeois* are begging for a piece of bread. There is a bakehouse in Brussels where they are working night and day, but to fill this hungry multitude it needs a miracle. What are a thousand loaves among so many? Sedan has nearly 14,000 inhabitants. The kind souls who give the bread are forced to mete it out by slices. Each inhabitant receives a piece as big as a man's hand. Horses are dying of starvation. They gnaw the bark from the few standing trees. A day or two since you might buy one and welcome for two francs. For miles and miles nothing can be seen except havresacks and military accoutrements. Where a space of ground is bare, it is soaked, black, putrescent. The inhabitants of the villages all round Sedan, who fled across the frontier on Aug. 30 and 31, have come back, each poor peasant hoping secretly that *his* little homestead might not be irreparably injured. Alas! the whole country is laid waste. There is not a roof left, not a bit of wall to shelter them from the cold wind, not a handful of straw for the children to lie upon. No plague of locusts could devour like this plague of armed

men. And the winter is coming fast. Four months of snow and sleet and frost, without store, without shelter, without money, is indeed a terrible outlook. Every sacrifice must be made to ward off starvation from this unhappy district. We must not look on and say we have done our best, while thousands are suffering the pangs of hunger. But it will be no easy task. In Belgium, it has been found necessary to subscribe largely for the relief of thousands of poor families deprived of their bread-winners since the beginning of the war, for three classes of militia were called out, and nearly all were married men. This distress will not be lasting, but as long as it lasts it must be relieved. Add to this the dry spring,¹ the changeable summer, the wet autumn, the general scarcity of crops, and the obligation of maintaining the prisoners of war at Beverloo and Bruges. Then let it be considered that Belgium is about as big as Wales; surely it will be evident that her burdens this year are somewhat heavy.

The English are said to be possessed by an inextinguishable curiosity. Let such a curiosity take possession of a few practical men, such as farmers and county squires. Let them make a tour presently, from the Belgian frontier near Bouillon, to the village of Lachapelle, thence to Givonne, Bazeille, Balan, Remilly, Vilersernay, and round by Sedan to Floing and Manges, and then let them ask themselves the question, "How many bushels of wheat would be required to sow this land?" Belgium is trying to feed the people; whether her means will permit of an export of grain to these wasted districts, after the late unsatisfactory harvests, the writer cannot undertake to say. Already she has given of her best, and still she gives, and still the cry is, "More, more of everything, for the love of God! What is this among so many!"

In England great and noble efforts are being made for the wounded. Here,

¹ In the neighbourhood of Brussels there was rain only once in the month of April, and then not for the whole day.

while working for the wounded, the cry of the starving reaches our ears, and the wailing of the peasants, whose store of seed-corn has vanished, and who spend hungry days and nights in the wind and the rain.

Let not the foregoing sentences be construed into meaning that Belgium is weary of doing good, and would transfer the burden of generosity to English shoulders. We look back and acknowledge thankfully how light our burdens are in comparison with what they might have been. Suppose it were the King of Prussia at Versailles, instead of the French Emperor at Wilhelmshöhe. What Belgian doubts that French troops, drunk with success like their master, would at this moment be occupying Brussels and Antwerp?

A faint, sad echo of old war-time comes across to the place where I am writing. An ancient blue-eyed Flemish lady looks up from her knitting and says:—

"It was in 1811 that my brother was obliged to serve in the French army. He was scarcely more than a boy, but there was no means of getting him off. Rich and poor, all had to go that year. I had a sister who died of consumption at that time. We loved her dearly; but her death was not half so hard to bear as my brother's going away. We knew he was going to his death. We never heard of him after Moscow."

Her old, rosy, blue-eyed husband takes up the theme:—

"We were thirteen in family. As long as there was money to buy my brothers off, they were bought off. The family was terribly impoverished when

Jacques' turn came. Jacques was between eighteen and nineteen; he was brave and generous; he hated the French, but he would not be bought off, because he could not bear that the whole of us should be utterly beggared. So he went. We never heard of him again. That was in 1813."

There is a struggling noise and a sound of blows under the window. The old people look out and smile, with the tears in their old eyes, all ready to drop. Monsieur nods and says, "Bon jour." Madame, with an eye to the furnishing of the Sunday larder, says to the butcher's little wife, who is dragging along a refractory calf, "Well, Lisbeth, shall you have veal to-morrow?"

"Yes, die Vrow. It is a prime beast, I assure you. Come on, you tiresome beast, you! I have dragged him all the way from Brussels. My arms are nearly off."

"Ay, ay, and what have you done with your baby?"

"Left it in the cradle. I dare say it's squalling finely. It's three months old, and has a finer voice than any child in the place. Well, well, my man will be back to-morrow or Monday. Good day to you, die Vrow and Mynheer. Come on, you tiresome beast!"

Lisbeth's husband is a militia-man, and has been stationed at Antwerp since the beginning of the war, and every Friday the poor little woman has dragged home her live veal and mutton from the cattle market at Brussels.

"Well, Lisbeth, consider that if we had had the French here, you would have had no store of money to buy that calf with, and no house over your head either."

THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY PROFESSOR SEELEY.

III.

I HAVE endeavoured to describe the power which is at work in all the changes of our time, the power of organized public opinion. I have also described to you the changes themselves, and have represented them as being mainly of one kind; namely, abolitions of monopoly. Now, there are many who complain of the partiality shown by the ruling power of the time for this kind of work, maintaining that much more necessary tasks are neglected for it. At any rate, it is evident that some very necessary tasks remain undone, and that public opinion at least does not show any great forwardness to undertake them. Pauperism is as great an evil perhaps as Church ascendancy, but it is not dealt with so promptly. National education has waited forty years, and about twenty years ago the Ministry of Lord John Russell expressly declared that a system of national education was rendered impossible by the opposition of religious bodies: this was equivalent to a declaration that public opinion was not sufficiently pronounced or resolute for such a scheme; in other words, that it was not so zealous in this matter as in matters of another kind. It appears, then, that public opinion chooses among abuses, that it is not animated with an equal hostility to all. There must be something either in the peculiar nature of this power or in the conditions under which it works, or in both, to give it this particular bias. Why is it that, instead of an outcry against all abuses and evils that afflict the State, we have had simply a cry of "Down with monopolies"?

There are, I believe, some general reasons arising out of the very nature of public opinion which help to explain this; but perhaps the main cause is to

be found in a special influence which is at work. I will consider the general reasons first. What was the sovereign power in England to which public opinion succeeded? The influence of a certain number of great families. The new monarch was installed with great expectations, and actually accomplished some reforms. But it is not to be supposed that he was in every respect superior to his predecessor, or that his predecessor was altogether incompetent: even those who welcomed him most warmly, and expected most from him, probably considered him only better on the whole, and may have been prepared to acknowledge him inferior in some respects. It was not, therefore, to be expected that the new *régime* would shine in every kind of reform. If enlightenment was wanted, the new power was not clearly more enlightened than the old. The Lonsdales and Fitzwilliams of the old *régime* had at least education and leisure, which a large proportion of the new voters entirely wanted. If genius was wanted, the old power knew better than the new how to find it, and had the wisdom to allow genius a good deal of scope. Moreover, under the old *régime* governments were more stable and steadfast than they have been since, and therefore the change removed one almost indispensable condition of all difficult reforms, the feeling of strength and security on the part of the Ministers that preside over them. Now, the highest works of statesmanship require these three things—great power in the Minister, genius to counsel and support him, enlightenment in Parliament to weigh and decide upon his plans; and to none of these things was the new *régime* favourable. Where, then, was

its superiority? Its superiority was not a general one, but confined to a special point. It was not a class *régime*. Any other fault it might have as much or more than the *régime* it superseded, but it had not so much exclusiveness. It speedily threw open Parliament to a multitude of interests which had scarcely been represented there before, and in that far mightier parliament which is the true deliberative organ of this *régime*—in the Press—all interests were represented from the beginning, and every voice was free to make itself heard. A *régime*, therefore, which had one special virtue would be likely to distinguish itself by a special class of reforms. When the spirit of exclusiveness was expelled from the Government, it was to be expected that the monopolies would fall which that exclusiveness had sustained.

Again, some evils in the State are flagrant and conspicuous, and others, though they may chance to be greater, are of a more subtle character. With these more subtle evils public opinion is not remarkably well qualified to deal. It has not the blindness which was sometimes created in the old *régime* by its class prejudices. The accomplished Windham was a steady opponent of popular education, not because he did not know the value of education, but because he felt the *régime* with which he was identified to stand in need of popular ignorance. Men much inferior to Windham in these days escape such a warp of the mind; the removal of exclusiveness has been to this extent equivalent to an increase of enlightenment. But the other kind of blindness which is not produced by special circumstances, the common blindness which arises from want of cultivation, has not been removed by the change of *régime*, and public opinion is more uncultivated, at the same time that it is more equitable, than the class opinion it supplanted. There was no reason, then, to expect that public opinion would be particularly keen to detect abuses that were not obvious. Its reign was likely to be characterized rather by a rough fairness

and honesty than by deep wisdom. In this very matter of education that I have just mentioned it would not be capable of condemning a whole class to ignorance on considerations drawn from the reason of State; but, on the other hand, its conception of the value of education would not be very distinct, nor its notion of what constitutes a good education very accurate. It would therefore not oppose education, but it would be quite likely to trifle with it, to misunderstand it, and to mismanage it. In discussions about education it would be apt, from want of thoughts and feelings about the subject itself, to slide off into side issues; and when the question is of turning young savages into citizens and Christians, when the question is of the very souls and characters of the young, it would be quite capable of getting on its hobby of tests, quite capable of hunting a monopoly through the very school-room where its children are learning to read and to tell the truth. It would be likely enough to intrude the maxims of the shop and of the racecourse into the school; one would not be surprised if it proved unable to conceive a university except in one of two ways—either as a fund to be divided in fellowships among a number of people, according to certain rules, or as a system of violent and dangerous competitive struggles, carried on partly in the schools and senate-house, partly on the Thames and at Lords' Cricket Ground. To deal with subjects like this, in fact, to deal with the whole department of culture, it is evident that you must have a Government of the wisest, and no one has ever supposed that the government of public opinion, at least such as we see it in this age, answered that description.

Again, there are some great political works which may be evidently needed, and may ever be acknowledged to be indispensable, but which are of extreme difficulty, which require a vast collection of facts and a patient application of contrivance and discretion to a multitude of details. Now for such works the *régime* of public opinion has one great advantage over the old *régime*. The old

régime, it may be said, had no ideal of statesmanship. Conservatism being universal, no one contemplated such a thing as constructive legislation. If the constitution was a thing settled and complete, so that the only question was of interpreting it rightly, a statesman could scarcely be called upon to create or contrive upon a large scale. Only some great catastrophe which had reduced part of the constitution to ruins could furnish such an occasion, as the Irish Rebellion of '98 made the Legislative Union possible. The appearance of a vast reforming party, and the familiarity with large changes which their exertions have gradually produced among us, have enlarged our conception of what statesmanship may do, and have led us to conceive of such a thing as an art of progress, have made us change our conception of a state as an unchanging thing, which has only to be watched and protected from the impact of foreign bodies for a conception of it as a growing and developing thing, a thing perpetually shifting, advancing, and putting forth new organs, and requiring therefore to be studied with method, to be helped and directed in its changes with boldness and expertness, and capable of being indefinitely developed and improved by genius. But though the present *régime* has given us the idea of this higher statesmanship, it has at the same time placed enormous difficulties in the way of the idea being realized. The actual result has been that the statesmen of the present age have not appeared great in proportion to the greatness of the changes they have introduced. This is not perhaps a necessary effect of the dominion of public opinion, but rather a consequence of the particular way in which its dominion was established. Had public opinion made its way by gradual advances, and gained for itself from politicians, first respect, and then in course of time deference, it might have become great itself without too much eclipsing the greatness of statesmen. But it gained its sovereignty by wrestling with and defeating the first public men of the day, and therefore its victory was won

at the expense of the prestige of statesmanship. The influence which should naturally support the statesman, and receive direction from him, dictated to him. The popular movement, while it humiliated by defeat the statesman who opposed it, was greater and more commanding than any of the statesmen who joined it. Hence the part of the statesman for a time lost some of its dignity. There were statesmen who had administrative skill, character, and the tact of government; there were others who had the sympathy and confidence of the people, and who understood the signs of the times. But there was an unfortunate want of statesmen who combined both sorts of qualification. Those who understood the time best had been so long in opposition that they had not acquired the art of administration. They were better agitators than rulers; they could represent the popular movement better than they could direct it. Meanwhile the other side had a leader with the experience and all the qualifications of a statesman, but he passed his life in a perpetual unsuccessful warfare with the spirit of the age. The Whigs only shone when they were in opposition, and Sir Robert Peel when he gave up one of his principles. The consequence was that the *régime* was not simply that of public opinion, but of public opinion ill-directed and reduced to feel its own way. If this want of able leaders were an evil incident especially to the *régime* of public opinion, if public opinion is likely always to have the best statesmanship of the age resisting it, and to be served only by the second best, it must certainly be considered an unfortunate form of government. Perhaps, however, we may consider that this is already disproved by later experience. In any case it is possible to point out the special and exceptional circumstances which damaged the statesmanship of the Whigs of the Reform Bill, while it is not surprising that Sir Robert Peel, a veteran servant of the old *régime*, should have been out of sympathy with the new from the influence of his training, and not at all from any natural

repulsion of high statesmanship from the sovereignty of public opinion.

What is important for us, however, is to remark that the present period for the most part has not been favourable to the higher statesmanship. The dislocation of parties at one time, and their even balance at another, has kept statesmen perpetually occupied in maintaining their positions, and has thus disabled them from undertaking great public works. *Anxietate careus animus*—a mind free from the sense of insecurity—is as necessary for great works of statesmanship as for great works of poetry. Such security being out of the reach of the statesmen of this age, they have necessarily leaned on their oars and drifted very much before the tide of popular feeling. Whatever the people wanted, if it was not too difficult to accomplish, they could have; but difficult tasks, men felt, it was not the season to undertake. The measures of this age are, therefore, to be considered not merely as what public opinion was capable of demanding and supporting, but what without much help from skilled statesmanship it felt safe in carrying through. This reflection will explain much inaction and many omissions. The question of pauperism, for example, belongs to a class of questions with which the present age has hitherto felt itself altogether inadequate to deal. It is an enemy which a minister must grapple with alone, if he is to have a chance of overcoming it: no ministry is a match for it and a strong opposition together.

To say that this has been an age of feeble ministers is equivalent to saying that public opinion has hitherto been much divided. The nation, after it began to rule, for a long time showed no decided preference. The two vast parties that formed themselves were evenly balanced, and therefore no minister could gain decided support in a decided and consistent course. In these circumstances we had an age of reforms, but of easy reforms. It was necessary to look about for the few principles about which there was agreement, or at least which were sure of a majority, and to apply

these principles to the very utmost. Nothing, therefore, was more natural than the prominence given to the question of monopolies. Fair play was what everybody could understand; "an open field and no favour," was a cry which would always be popular, and so it was kept up till a number of simple changes had been accomplished, which, when the total result of them is reckoned up, amount to a remarkable revolution. But if greater works are to be accomplished, less obvious principles must first be agreed upon, and they must be grasped so firmly and with such unanimity that a statesman may feel secure in rearing upon them an elaborate structure.

Such are the general causes which seem to have given this turn to the movement of the age. The reflection suggested by the consideration of them is a commonplace one. It is that the public, to be a good ruler, wants much more enlightenment. That it may treat great questions in a worthy spirit, and that it may give room and support to great statesmen, it must have much more enlightenment. Enlightenment in the highest and largest sense is what is wanted; but there is a lower and more special kind of enlightenment that would go some way. In the last lecture I spoke of the organization that has sprung up in the country for the purpose of furnishing the people with information on political subjects, and also with the opportunity of discussing them. It is by these means that that average vote is determined upon the wisdom of which depends the welfare of the country. Now, in this machinery there is a strange defect. One very obvious way of enlightening the people on political subjects there is, which nevertheless is not taken. Newspapers, leading articles—we know the skill with which our *Times* leader puts us in a condition to meditate over the breakfast table on the most important question, whatever it may be, of the day. We are supplied with all the necessary facts, which, carefully separated from the unnecessary ones, are arranged before us in lucid order; then follow all the most necessary scraps of learning,

legal or other, that may assist in the decision of the question; then follow a few reflections, written in the most intelligible English and with the most skilful adaptation to the wants of the average understanding. Every day of his life the lawyer ponders there for some half-hour before he plunges into his briefs, the schoolmaster before he turns to his heap of exercises, the man of business before he opens his letters. This is our political education. The machinery is admirable as far as it goes. That half-hour a day ought, you say, to make us all in time accomplished politicians. Yes, and so it would if a certain preparation had gone before it. But without that preparation it never can; without that preparation I believe that little more will be acquired at the end of twenty years than at the end of one. Do you think you could learn Latin, or German, or geometry, in a year, or in ten or twenty years, by studying them for half an hour every day? That half-hour a day might be most valuable on one condition, but otherwise it would be almost valueless. The condition is that you should first have concentrated your attention for some considerable time upon that subject to the exclusion of others. You will get on with your German, even if you have no more than half an hour a day to give to it, if at the outset you devote a month to it. But all knowledge stands at the top of some hill, or at least hillock, and wants at the outset at least one strain, one continued effort. There is always, as it were, a ledge to be reached before you can pause; if you pause before reaching that, you slip back to the place you started from. This is what most people do who read their *Times* newspaper. They have never taken the first long step, and so, day after day, they struggle with politics for half an hour, and at the end of it slip back helplessly to their starting-point. How could this be remedied? It is not every one that can make leisure to think over political subjects for himself, and to acquire the most necessary knowledge about them. But it might be taught in schools and colleges. A plain man

would think that nothing was more necessary for a boy to learn than that knowledge which might enable him, when grown up, to discharge his duties to the State. Since our schoolmasters have decided otherwise, probably most people think there is some profound reason why, nevertheless, it should not be done. I have no time here to say more on the matter than this, that I have been a schoolmaster all my life, and know as well as another what can be taught, and what cannot, and that I believe that, with a little contrivance and a few good text-books that might easily be written, politics could be taught.

Ah! but the party feeling that would be aroused!

It is strange how inexorable we are in enslaving our schoolmasters. The Englishman who wished to express his contempt for the slavish institutions of the Continent said to a foreigner, "There are but two subjects worthy of the attention of a human being, politics and religion, and on neither of the two dare you speak." Just so much reticence, and no more, we are all eager to impose on our schoolmasters.

I said that, besides general causes, there was a special influence that had forced the politics of the age into a crusade against monopolies. I was thinking of the reaction of Irish politics upon English. The insular position of England, the security which she has always enjoyed from the more serious commotions of the Continent, and her material prosperity, would make her history, since the Constitution became settled, a somewhat dull story but for her connection with Ireland. English grievances for the most part have not been so extreme but that they could be endured, and it seems likely that they would have been endured, but for their close connection with Irish grievances, which were of the same kind, and which were not to be endured. In the last century there were two reasons why the Irish influence should be less operative. For the greater part of that century the Irish population lay motionless under

the yoke that had been pressed down upon them; the people were crushed beyond the power of complaint; and when they did at last rouse themselves, it was with such hostility and menace that England was driven to assume an attitude of stubborn opposition, and, while she closed her ears resolutely against the grievances of Ireland, was not likely to be struck with the resemblance of those grievances to her own. But when the rebellion of '98 had been put down and the Legislative Union accomplished, there began a period when Ireland pleaded her cause by the legitimate methods of argument and agitation, and at the same time when Irish questions were discussed fully and with Irish eloquence in the English Parliament. Since that time Irish and English discontent have been in a manner fused together, and the natural effect has been to give to the English discontent a far more bitter flavour. The case for reform is immensely strengthened when its advocates are entitled to treat of England and Ireland together, and to heighten the modest abuses of the one country by the enormous wrongs and miseries of the other. In Ireland reformers have found in fact the only lever which would have been potent enough to lift the dead weight of English conservatism. It is an instructive lesson of the way in which moderate abuses should be attacked. There is, indeed, no way of dealing with moderate abuses except to force them into alliance with gross and flagrant ones. By themselves they are safe, because there is no sufficient reason for removing them; but when grosser abuses of the same kind are swept away, they go too, because there is no sufficient reason for sparing them. It is also an instructive example of the great results which may flow from uniting different nationalities under one government, when that government is under the sway of opinion, and is not a mere blind military force. England and Ireland cannot, it appears, be closely and vitally united in a *régime* of opinion without suffering profound modifications.

No more than can England and India. And does not the remark suggest to us, at the same time, speculations upon the future of Austria married to Hungary, and of Russia married to Poland?

Ireland presented most of the abuses of England on an enlarged scale. But this was especially true of the abuse of monopoly. The most exaggerated pictures that could be drawn by the most virulent Radical of the condition of England would have been literally true, or have fallen short of the truth, if applied to Ireland. He might, by a high-flown metaphor, have compared England to a conquered country. Ireland was a conquered country without any metaphor at all. He might have compared the landholding aristocracy of England to the Normans of the twelfth century trampling on the newly conquered Saxons. There would have been wild exaggeration in the comparison. But the conquest of Ireland was in fact not much more than a century old, and the ascendancy of the conquerors had been secured by every pitiless method that legislation could devise. Let us consider in order the leading monopolies that were complained of in England. There was the monopoly of legislation held by the landholders and the Protestants. But nomination boroughs were more numerous in proportion in Ireland than in England, and the exclusion of Catholics meant in Ireland the exclusion of the great majority of the nation, and not, as in England, of an insignificant sect. The representative system, therefore, if it was unsatisfactory to many in England, seemed in Ireland a simple mockery to most. Commercial restriction hampered industry in England; but the industry of Ireland had been almost destroyed by it, and the Corn Laws, which in England meant dearness of provisions, might come to mean famine in Ireland. The monopoly of the Church in education placed a certain number of the rising generation in England at a disadvantage; but in Ireland it excluded the great majority both from good primary education and from the higher education. The right of the Church to tax the people

excited murmurs here; there it created civil war. Here the wealth of the Church provoked some opposition; there it was regarded as an intolerable and enormous abuse. Lastly, that great monopoly which the age does not attack but steadfastly maintains, but which none the less helps to increase the mass of discontent and to hasten change—the right of private property itself, the right of one man to be rich while others are poor, or, as it will always appear in practice, the right of a few people to possess a greater share of the national wealth than the many—was in Ireland tenfold more invidious than in England, because in Ireland it had been brought about by a conquest and a confiscation, the memory of which was still recent, and because the landholders were not, as in England, the patrons and friends of their tenants, but for the most part absentees.

Thus the union of England and Ireland was not merely the union of a prosperous country with a very miserable one. Ireland might have been full of abuses and yet not have helped forward the cause of reform in England. She did so because the evils under which she laboured reflected with exaggeration the evils of England. The anarchy and disturbances of Ireland constantly forced the attention of the Legislature: other questions might be put by; but for Ireland it was always felt something must be done. And yet it was impossible to do anything without establishing precedents for similar changes in England; for all the principal evils of Ireland existed here too, though in a less extreme form. And these evils being all reducible to the monopoly established by the conquering English, pitilessly excluding the Catholic Kelt from all the benefits of his native land, the cure of Ireland, which all statesmen and all parties in turn were obliged to take in hand, could not but consist in the abolition of monopolies, and then, by a kind of reflection, the same character was impressed on the political movement of England. Hence it is characteristic of the present age that the principal changes

introduced in England have been borrowed from changes previously made in Ireland, and that the advocates of change in England have generally been able to quote in support of their proposals what I may call the Irish *prajudicium*.

Before showing this in detail, let me point out that the weapon by which changes have been wrought in England, was first tried and proved in Ireland. I have described the new art of agitation which belongs to the present age, and I have contrasted the present systematic and powerful action of public opinion with the wildness of its behaviour in the eighteenth century. But I intentionally passed over one great interference of public opinion, which belongs to the last century, but of which Ireland, not England, was the scene. The long and painful regeneration of Ireland, now in progress, begins with the threatening intervention of the Volunteers in 1779. England, in her depression after her American disasters, was obliged to confess her inability to send troops to Belfast when invasion was threatened by a French and Spanish fleet. The Irish party saw their opportunity. Volunteers appeared to defend the country, but put in an irresistible claim to be paid in political power. The old notion belonging to an earlier state of society, of a connection between political franchise and military service, reappeared for a moment. The convention of Dungannon, at once an army and a parliament, reminds one of the *comitia centuriata* of Rome. But it anticipated a future *régime* at the same time that it revived the past, for there first appeared the organized public opinion that was destined in no long time to be sovereign in both countries. And as it was in Ireland that this power first appeared, so in Ireland it first attained supremacy. For Ireland was the scene of the Catholic Association. This was to be expected. When public opinion is ready to take organization, it will do so first there where the need is most pressing. Leagues and political meetings will be most rife, where the representative system is most inadequate. Ireland was before England

in devising the machinery of agitation, just as much as she was behind England in parliamentary representation. The corruption and subserviency of the Irish Parliament provoked the Volunteers, and the absence of any safety-valve to carry off the feelings of the Catholic population caused the Catholic Association. While the Catholic Association changed the character of the government in both countries by enthroning public opinion, it accomplished at the same time a definite alteration in English institutions. When Protestant ascendancy fell in Ireland, it fell in England too, as a matter of course. According to the principle I laid down, the great grievance carried with it the smaller one. That sect which had least to hope in England, because it at the same time had little power, and excited most unreasonable alarms, obtained through the fusion of English and Irish politics its emancipation. One of the strongest and most inveterate feelings of the country, its exclusive Protestantism, received by that change a shock which no statesman would have ventured to give it except under the pressure of necessity, and the necessity came from Ireland.

The next great change in English institutions was the reform of the representation. This may seem at first sight a purely English measure, because, though the abuses it removed had existed on a still greater scale in Ireland, yet they had been much diminished thirty years before, at the time of the Union; and the agitation which carried the Reform Bill did certainly not, as in the case of Catholic Emancipation, spread from Ireland to England. The influence of Ireland is in this case of a different kind, yet if we examine we shall find it no less operative. We shall discover the Irish *præjudicium* that I have spoken of; we meet with that argument which is characteristic of the whole period—It has been done in Ireland, why not in England? Read the speech with which Lord John Russell introduced the Reform Bill in 1831. You may observe the nervousness with which he announces the act of disfran-

chisement which formed a principal part of it. "I am perfectly aware that in making this proposition we are proposing a bold and decisive measure. I am perfectly aware, and I should myself vote upon that persuasion, that on all ordinary occasions rights of this kind ought to be respected, and it would be no small interest, no trifling consideration, which would justify the invasion of them." How does he go on? "I well recollect, however, the language which a right honourable gentleman opposite (Sir R. Peel), standing there as a Minister of the Crown, proposed the measure known by the name of Catholic Emancipation, accompanied by another measure for the disfranchisement of 200,000 freeholders—unoffending men, who had broken no law, who had violated no right, who had exercised their privilege, perhaps ignorantly, certainly independently and impatiently, in a manner which they in their consciences believed to be best." And then he goes on to recite the arguments by which Sir R. Peel had defended that act of disfranchisement, that extraordinary evils required extraordinary remedies, that "the franchise was no doubt a vested right, but it was also a public trust given for public purposes, to be touched no doubt with great caution and reluctance, but still which we are competent to touch if the public interest manifestly demands the sacrifice." These sentiments, Lord John Russell adds, the House adopted, and "he never knew any measure carried through the House with greater support than that measure of disfranchisement."

Here is the Irish *præjudicium*, and see with what confidence it inspires the speaker. "But, sir," he goes on, "shall we say that we are bound to have one principle when the peasantry of Ireland are concerned, and another when the rich and the noble are interested, and that we must consider the latter as sacred, and not venture to touch their privileges when the public interest requires it? Shall we say that the freeholders of Ireland, merely exercising a right which the Constitution gives, may

be deprived of that right, and that we must not venture to touch the privilege of the noble lord who returns two representatives to this House for Gatton, though the Constitution says such a privilege ought not to exist? Are we to make this glaring distinction between the rich and the poor, between the peer and the peasant? Are we to disfranchise the forty-shilling freeholder, and must we not touch the borough which is claimed as the property of some noble lord?"

The Act of 1829 therefore was pregnant with more consequences than first appeared. O'Connell, with his Catholic Association, not only inaugurated a new dominion, not only broke open the gates of Parliament, and gave the first precedent of enfranchisement; they created at the same time the first precedent of disfranchisement. Where the Irish Catholics had entered, the English middle-class and the manufacturing interest followed, and at the same time by the door through which the Irish freeholders had been dismissed were expelled the English rotten boroughs.

In '67 the franchise given in '32 was still further enlarged. Here, too, the precedent had been given by Ireland in the "Act to Amend the Representation of the People," passed in '50, when an eight-pound household franchise was substituted, among other changes, for one of ten pounds.

In free trade the influence of Ireland was not less visible than in parliamentary reform. Commercial restriction, like every other grievance, had been felt much more severely in Ireland than in England. English commerce and manufactures had repeatedly called in the Legislature to crush the competition of Ireland. This, therefore, was the first evil with which the Irish, when their spirit revived in the last century, set themselves to grapple. The agitation of the Volunteers was a free-trade agitation; the end of it was the same, and the means partly the same, as the end and the means of the Anti-Corn Law League. But this resemblance is rather curious than really important. The Irish movement in this case was too remote in point of

time, and too different in all its circumstances from the English one, to produce any effect upon it. The leaguers certainly gained no confidence from the success of their Irish precursors, and did not, as far as I know, refer to it. But the weight of Ireland was thrown into the scale of free trade in a much more conspicuous and decisive way. Ireland decided the question by the force of that superior poverty which makes economical evils, which to us are only serious, fatal to her. Dearth here proved famine there. At the critical moment when free-trade principles were beginning to have the advantage, happened the potato blight in Ireland. It converted first the Whig opposition, and then Sir Robert Peel. Lord John Russell sent to his constituents in the City a letter, in which he announced his adhesion to the principles of the League. Sir Robert Peel resigned, and then took office again, expressly to repeal the Corn Laws. In the Queen's Speech of '46 the failure of the potato crop was alleged as the reason for recommending the repeal, and, in the speech in which Sir Robert Peel avowed his change of opinion, he rested his case principally upon this occurrence.

Church ascendancy extends over two departments—over education and over religion. And in education there have been two monopolies—the monopoly of the Established Church, and also the monopoly of all the religious bodies taken together. Of these monopolies, one has always tended to destroy the other. The Dissenters have been eager to secularize education in order at the same time to wrest it out of the hands of the Church. What I may call the monopoly of religion in education is sacrificed because the monopoly of the Church is involved with it. This movement has gone on in England, where religious differences are comparatively slight, and do not for the most part extend to fundamental points, either of theology or morals. It has gone on amongst sects which have been in the habit of recognizing the existence of a common Christianity, and which have

habitually and sincerely spoken of the Church as a Christian body. Meanwhile, in Ireland the Established Church has been opposed to the most intolerant of all Christian denominations—to Catholics recognizing no Christianity out of their own communion. A religious difference thus deep, and capable of no compromise, was made ten times deeper and more irreconcilable by the fact that the excluded sect had been excluded by naked conquest. It had antiquity on its side, if you take the Tory scheme of government; it had the will of the people on its side, if you are a Liberal. Here was indeed a very pretty quarrel. Aggravated by every conceivable circumstance, it was the masterpiece of Erinnyes. A drop had been mixed in Irish politics which was the concentrated essence of discord. In the department of education, even more than in other departments, therefore, we might expect the Irish movement to anticipate the English. Accordingly we find that the point we have reached in 1870 was reached in Ireland in 1831, or, rather, I should say, a point beyond it. Not only unsectarian, but secular education was then forced on by the irreconcilable religious difference that divided the nation, and the State was already able to take upon itself a work that many years later it was obliged to abandon as premature in England. As usual, in the controversy that now rages, our politicians have the Irish *præjudicium* to guide them.

In the expulsion of the Church monopoly from the higher education, it cannot be said that Ireland has taken the lead. But the Queen's Colleges, if not the earliest, are at least among the earliest examples of purely unsectarian seats of learning.

The more direct attack upon the ascendancy of the Church has been in both countries aimed principally at two points—at the right of the Church to tax the community and at its connection with the State. In both points the assault was infinitely hotter in Ireland than in England. The tithe in its old form was destroyed for both countries by the armed resistance of the Irish

peasantry, and the church cess fell in Ireland before the church-rate controversy was compromised in England. The connection of the Church with the State was a moderate grievance to the English Dissenter, compared with what it was to the Irish Catholic. It was to Ireland that the controversy owed all its bitterness, and in Ireland the controversy is now over, while in England it still continues. But of this in a moment.

The warfare of the present age against monopolies, I have said already, seems to near its end. Not only does little of this kind now remain to be done, but there are perhaps signs of the beginning of a new age, by which I mean a change in the forces that determine the political movement. The age, we have seen reason to think, has been what it has been partly because the position of statesmanship had been depressed by the victories of agitation. One class of statesmen, we saw, had been too much the humble servants of public opinion, and another class had wasted much energy in fruitless attempts to resist it. Meanwhile public opinion had been put in possession of supreme power before it was educated to use it. Wanting leaders and wanting enlightenment, it had been obliged to throw itself into a course of easy reforms. Both these evils have now been much mitigated. Far more skill is now devoted to forming and educating public opinion, and statesmen have taken courage to assume once more their natural position of leaders. We begin to speak of the approach of an age of constructive policy; that is, an age when the difficult reforms will be possible, when the highest statesmanship will be able to count upon support in attempting the highest tasks. We ought not, therefore, to assume that the current will hold much longer the same direction. But if it should do this, it is evident that the recent course of Irish politics indicates the future course of politics at home. In the last two years new precedents have been made in Ireland which will, as a matter of course, be used, like the earlier ones, as levers to unsettle whatever remains still firm.

in the fabric of English monopoly. A tenant's right has been recognized which not many years ago Lord Palmerston pronounced to be equivalent to a landlord's wrong. This has been done, of course, as a purely exceptional measure, and the English landlord, it is true enough, is very different from the Irish landlord. It is well understood that the act is not to be a precedent, and probably there is no danger of its being at all closely imitated. In a certain point of view it runs counter to the tendency of change in England, instead of outstripping it; for it places a restraint upon the circulation of land, instead of setting it free from restrictions. Still it is an interference of the Legislature in behalf of the lower class, and against the landed interest, and as such it is a *præjudicium* like the others I have enumerated. For the same grievance exists in England: here, too, there is a large class that murmur that the people have no share in the land—that the land has become a monopoly. If this cry should gather strength, it will certainly be in vain that the promoters of the Irish Land Bill have called their law exceptional and a concession to necessity. It will be drawn into precedent in spite of them; it will assuredly not be forgotten, if the English lower class should determine to be like the French lower class and to get possession of the soil, that the Legislature have already, to gratify a popular wish, abridged the rights of landholders in Ireland.

But there is another great pending question upon which it is still more evident that the Irish *præjudicium* is there. The disestablishment of the Irish Church settled a controversy there which rages here too, and removed an ascendancy which, though infinitely more invidious there, is yet here too felt as invidious by a large class. The great grievance is gone, and now the moderate one stands by itself, and with the millstone of a precedent round its neck. On this point there can be no difference between the friends and the enemies of Church establishment. Those who dislike State churches on principle, and

who point to the examples in past history of the warping and cramping of the Christian spirit in churches that have identified themselves with Government, will triumph; those who think the State Church the higher ideal, and that examples taken from States more or less despotic are inapplicable to countries in which the government is thoroughly and heartily popular, will grieve: but neither party will deny that the Irish *præjudicium* hangs over the head of the connection of Church and State in England. I think, too, that I am not overstepping the forbidden line, and passing out of history into politics, when I add, that nothing can possibly save the State Church in England except such a reform as shall deprive it of the character of a monopoly. Monopolies may be good things or bad, or they may be sometimes one and sometimes the other, but they cannot live in this age: the time is angry with them, and the axe is at the root of all that are too conspicuous to be overlooked.

A State Church that excludes or repels into some inferior place those who, to all plain judgment, are equal in merit, in piety, and learning to those whom it promotes or favours, has the character of a monopoly. It is invidious, and that is what at the present day institutions that are national are not allowed to be. That is the one thing that the *régime* of public opinion sets its face against. A State Church that could remove from itself the brand of invidiousness would have nothing to fear. It might disregard the Irish *præjudicium*; but, so long as it is a monopoly, why should it hope to escape? No other monopoly escapes. The borough-mongers have fallen, the Protectionists have fallen, Protestant ascendancy is at an end; and if the oldest and most universal of all ascendancies, that of the male sex, is threatened, why should the Church establishment be safe? *κἀνθαυε καὶ Πάτροκλος*. If the Universities are taken from the Church because they must be national, it is difficult to see by what right she can hope to hold the Cathedrals.

CAVE-HUNTING.

BY W. BOYD DAWKINS, F.R.S.

I.—THE SOMERSET CAVES.

CAVE-HUNTING is nearly as much an invention of the nineteenth century as photography, the electric telegraph, and the spectroscope. Its delights are known to comparatively few, although they are just those which, once tasted, would catch the fancy of the multitude. Unlike nearly all others, they combine keen excitement and hard climbing with results of by no means low scientific value, and they can be enjoyed without the infliction of pain on any living creature. Caves in the Middle Ages were looked upon as the dwellings of evil spirits, into the unfathomable abysses of which the intruder was lured to his own destruction. There is scarcely one around which, in some form or another, a trace of this widespread superstition does not linger. Long after the fairies and "little men" had forsaken the forests and the glens of Northern Germany, they still flourished in their palaces deep in the heart of the mountains. The hills of Grenada are still believed by the Spanish children to contain the great Boabdil and his sleeping host, that require but the ingress of a mortal to make them issue forth. The dread of the supernatural, which preserved the European caves from disturbance, was gradually broken through in the 16th and 17th centuries by the search after "ebur fossile," or "unicorn's horn," which, in the pharmacopœia of those days, ranked almost as highly as the "celestial mummice" as a specific for many diseases. As the true nature of the drug gradually revealed itself, the caves of Germany became famous for the remains of the lions and hyænas and other strange animals which they contained. In our own country Dr. Buckland was the first to show that the caves of England were in every respect like those of Germany.

Since his time caves have been explored throughout Europe, and during the last few years have supplied most important evidence as to the early condition of man. Used alike for a dwelling and a sepulchre, they could not fail to throw great light on the history of the "speechless past," or to disclose the daily life of long-forgotten races of men. It is not too much to say that we have learnt more about the earliest men who dwelt in Europe from the study of one cave, such as Kent's Hole, Bruniquel, or Moustier, than from all the evidence of all other sources. I propose to record my experience of cave-hunting in the counties of Somerset, Denbigh, and York during the last twelve years, and to choose out in each district some one cave which is typical of a class.

And first of Somerset. The Mendip Hills, as you pass from Bristol to Exeter, rise boldly over the church towers and orchards of the fertile vale of Wrington, and extend due west until they lose themselves in the sea near Weston-super-Mare. As the train reaches Highbridge, the southern scarp gradually unfolds itself over the level plain, broken up here and there into rounded knolls, or cleft into deep gorges, among which, if the shadows be at the right angle, you can mark distinctly the magnificent chasm of Cheddar. It looks like a ruined inland cliff, and appears much higher than it really is, because the foreground is perfectly horizontal. A close examination shows traces of the former presence of the sea in the petrified shingle that is to be found lying at its foot, and in the sandbanks which rise out of the peat and alluvium. The top of the Mendips consists of a central mass of Old Red Sandstone, flanked on either side by an ancient coral reef, which is now changed into limestone.

It is traversed by a Roman road and a British trackway, and covered with ancient cinder heaps and lead mines, which date back certainly from the days of the Romans, and it is defended by a magnificent chain of forts, made, probably, by the Celts, and certainly occupied by their Roman conquerors. The limestone on either side is perfectly honeycombed with caves of various ages.

We first turned our attention to the caves on the southern flank, near the little hamlet of Wookey Hole, near Wells, which derives its name from "Ogo," the Celtic for the hole or great cave a short distance off. It nestles in a small wooded valley with the river Axe at the bottom. The valley passes insensibly at its upper end into a ravine, which ends abruptly at a vertical wall of rock about two hundred feet high, covered with long streamers and festoons of ivy, and affording scanty hold in its ledges and fissures to ferns, brambles, and ash saplings. At its base the river Axe flows out of a cave, the Wookey Hole, and now is held back by a weir, and conducted by a canal cut in the ravine side to a paper mill about three hundred yards away. A narrow path through the wood, on the north side of the ravine, leads to the only entrance of the cave now open. Thence a narrow passage leads downwards, until suddenly you find yourself in a large chamber, occupied for the most part by water, and then you go over a ridge covered with a most delicate fretwork of stalagmite, with each tiny hollow full of water, and adorned with lime-crystals that sparkle almost like diamonds. Here a large boss of stalagmite, as thick as a man's body, is known as the Witch of Wookey, celebrated in *Percy's Reliques* for having been turned into stone by a Glastonbury monk.

Beyond this point the chamber expands considerably, and is ornamented with stalactites out of the reach of relic-hunters. The water at the bottom forms a deep pool, across which Mr. Parker managed to float on a raft into another chamber, and obtained, like Dr. Buckland, human bones.

The part of the cave usually visited is very easy of access. On the right-hand side of the steps at the entrance of the first chamber, there is a way to an upper series of passages, some of which open on the great vault below, and afford ample scope for adventurous climbing.

I must, however, pass on to the hyæna den discovered about the year 1850, when the canal before alluded to was being made. While the work was being carried on the mouth of the cave was intersected, and twelve feet of the entrance and the contents had been used in the formation of an embankment. Of the remains of the animals most were sold for old bones, but some found their way into the British Museum. According to the testimony of the workmen, the bones and teeth formed a layer about twelve inches in thickness, which rested on the rocky floor, while they were comparatively scarce in the overlying mass of stones and red earth. They also state that before the canal was made the ravine side presented no sign of the presence of a cave. The discovery excited little or no interest until, in 1859, the Rev. J. Williamson and myself began the excavation, which I carried on with Messrs. Willett, Sanford, and Parker from time to time, down to 1868, with very great success. The cave was so neglected that the badgers had taken possession, and we were in peril of being caught in a trap on our first visit. It was so completely filled with debris up to the roof that we were compelled to dig our way into it, and accordingly we cut a trench to a distance of fifteen feet from the canal. The matrix consisted of red earth with many stones, which are derived from the decomposition of the ancient sea-beach or dolomitic conglomerate, in which the cave is partially hollowed. Near the entrance three layers of peroxide of manganese, full of bony splinters, passed obliquely inwards until they were interblended with each other and presently died away. In and between these, the remains of the hyæna, rhinoceros, and mammoth were particularly abun-

dant, in all stages of decay, some crumbling to dust at the touch, while others were hard and had lost but little of the gelatine.

There was also satisfactory evidence of the former presence of man. One white flint spear-head, of the same rude workmanship and type as that subsequently found in the reindeer cave of Moustier, was picked out of the undisturbed matrix between the dark bands of manganese, at a distance of twelve feet from the present entrance. A chert arrow-head and nondescript implements of that material and of flint, as well as a bone arrow-head, triangular in shape, with the basal angles bevelled off, were picked out of the debris from the same spot.

The lines of peroxide of manganese must have been accumulated on the old floors of the cave, because they were associated with numerous splinters and gnawed animal remains: and that the latter were introduced by the hyænas there can be no doubt. Those animals have a peculiar habit, as Dr. Buckland proved by experiment, of gnawing similar bones in precisely the same way; and a comparison of the relics of the meals of the hyænas in the Zoological Gardens with those in the cave, shows that the latter have passed between the jaws of a like animal that once inhabited Somersetshire. Coprolites also of the same animal were very abundant, and in some places formed a greyish-white layer of phosphate of lime. There were also other equally unmistakable traces of the animal in fragments of bone, polished by their continual tread, as in the Kirkdale cave. It is, therefore, only reasonable to suppose that these remains of animals were brought into the cave from time to time by hyænas and left on the floors. That they were not introduced by water, is proved by the preservation of the delicate processes and points of bone which would certainly have been broken *in transitu*. Since then the implements which, beyond doubt, had been fashioned by man, were underneath one of these old floors, it was certain that man was contemporary in the district with the hyæna and the animals on which it preyed, and the

fact that they were found only on one spot implies that they were deposited by the hand of man. To suppose that a savage would take the trouble to excavate a trench twenty-four feet long—for twelve feet of the former mouth of the cave have been cut away—with miserable implements, and consequently with great labour, and having excavated it again to fill it up to the very roof, is little less than absurd. Nor could such an operation take place in such a deposit, without the stratification of the layers being destroyed. This discovery, therefore, of itself, is sufficient to point out that man was living in Britain along with the extinct mammalia. We resolved to verify it by the thorough clearing out of the cave, with the courteous permission of the owner.

Our first task was to clear the contents out of the portion of the cave nearest the mouth, and as we got gradually onwards many traces of the presence of man were met with. A wide area on the left-hand side, where the roof and floor of the cave gradually met together, furnished innumerable fragments of charcoal, many flint implements associated with the remains of the horse, rhinoceros, and hyæna. One fragment of bone in particular, belonging to the rhinoceros, had been calcined, and its carbonized condition bore unmistakable testimony that it was burnt while the animal juices were present. There were many other bones also burnt, which indicated the place where fires had been kindled, and food cooked. As we dug our way forward we met with a third area that furnished flint and chert implements under the same condition of deposit as that which tempted us to carry on our excavations. At last the large open chamber was cleared; it measured about thirty feet wide by six feet high, and it extended forty feet inwards. On the left there was a small upward turning passage, very nearly blocked up with a mass of stalagmite; at the further end a vertical fissure extended upwards, and must reach to the surface, because it contains the roots of trees. This fissure has subsequently been proved to extend downwards to the

right, and will doubtless furnish large quantities of animal remains to future explorers. The large chamber now turned abruptly to the left, and we gradually worked our way into a small horizontal passage about four feet high. Here there was an interval of from three to four inches between the roof and contents, traversed by stalactites, which in some places formed a smooth undulating drapery with stony tassels, and in others tiny pillars extending down to the debris, and, as it were, propping up the roof. These pedestals gradually expanded into round plates of stalagmite, and where they met became a continuous crust. In some places an infiltration of carbonate of lime had cemented organic remains, stones, and earth into a hard mass, which had to be broken up with gunpowder before it could be removed out of the cave. The excitement of extracting from these blocks their treasures was of the very keenest, for we could not tell what a stroke of the hammer would reveal. Sometimes an elephant's tooth suddenly came to light, at others a hyæna's jaw, or a rhinoceros' tooth, or the antler of a reindeer, or the canine of a bear. The bones were so numerous that they scarcely attracted attention. In one fragment of this breccia, now in the Brighton Museum, are a tusk and carpal of mammoth, the right ulna of the woolly rhinoceros, and an antler of reindeer. In a second two shoulder blades and two haunch bones of the woolly rhinoceros, with a coprolite and lower jaw of cave hyæna. As the men removed the large blocks they were brought to the mouth of the cave to be broken up by our smaller instruments. Presently the passage narrowed, to about six feet, and the stalagmite disappeared. On the floor of the cave there was a layer of red earth two feet in thickness, and, as usual, containing a few organic remains and many stones. Upon this rested a most remarkable accumulation of bones and teeth, matted and compacted together, from three to four inches thick, and extending horizontally from one side of the passage to the other. Next came a layer of dark red

earth, loose and friable, three to four inches thick, supporting in its surface a few rounded stalagmites, and a few stalactitic pillars, that spanned the interval of from three to four inches between it and the roof. This bone bed was about seven feet wide and fourteen feet long, affording, therefore, a square area of ninety-eight feet. The enormous quantity of the remains of animals present cannot fairly be estimated even by the large number preserved, because most of the bones were as soft as wet mortar. The five hundred and fifty specimens obtained must be looked upon merely as a small fraction of the whole.

We presently passed beyond the bone bed, and found that the passage bifurcated, the smaller branch going straight forwards and gently upwards, while the larger stretched at right angles from it and passed gently downwards. In the former there was a second bone bed similar in every respect to that already described, which continued undiminished in thickness until it rested directly on the floor. It afforded a square area of about fifteen feet. The passage was about sixteen inches high and three feet wide, and gradually narrowed, until at a distance of twelve feet from the bifurcation a stalactite six inches long reached the floor and formed a vertical bar, as if to forbid further ingress. When this had been explored as far as we could crawl, the larger branch engaged our attention, and we soon discovered a third layer of bones of the same character as the others, and in the same position, excepting that in some places it was in immediate contact with the roof. In width it was six, in length fourteen, and in square area eighty-four feet. From its further end to the termination of the passage there was not the slightest vestige of bones or teeth, and a stiff grey clay rested on a horizontal layer of sand on the floor. Here the passage suddenly turned upwards until it became so small and unprofitable that it was not worth our while to pursue it further. It doubtless rises to the surface, like the large fissure opposite the entrance of the cave.

This is very briefly the story of the

excavation of Wookey Hole hyæna den. One incident connected with it is not unworthy of notice, and illustrates remarkably the attachment which a dog will suddenly show towards a stranger. In our lodgings at Wells there was a beautiful Scotch deerhound, named "Luna," whose master was away at the time. Luna persisted in being with us day and night. In the morning she would walk with us to the cave, and would lie watching at the entrance till we came out, for she was afraid to venture into the darkness. She continued to do this the whole time of that year's excavations. It was only natural to suppose that when we left she would, like other dogs, pick up new friends. But she did nothing of the kind. When we inquired the next year upon our return, we were told that poor Luna refused food the day we left, and gradually pined away and died.

The specimens preserved from the hyæna den, from three to four thousand in number, afford a vivid picture of the animal life of the time in Somerset. They belong to the following animals:—

Man.	Woolly Rhinoceros.
Cave Hyæna.	Rhinoceros Hemitæchus.
Cave Lion.	Horse.
Cave Bear.	The Great Urus.
Grizzly Bear.	Bison.
Brown Bear.	The Irish Elk.
Wolf.	Reindeer.
Fox.	Red Deer.
Badger.	Lemming.
Mammoth.	

The remains of these animals were so intermingled that they must have been living together at the same time. They lie large with small, the more with the less dense, and are not in the least degree sorted by water. There is no evidence of the hyæna succeeding to the cave-bear, or the reindeer to the urus, or that the bears came here to die, as in some of the German caves, or that the herbivores fell into open fissures, and left their remains, as in the caves of Hutton and Plymouth. On the contrary, the numerous jaws and teeth of hyæna, and the marks of those teeth upon nearly every one of the specimens,

show that they alone introduced the remains that were found in such abundance. And they preyed not merely upon the horses, uri, and the like, but upon one another, and they even overcame the cave-bear and lion in their full prime. Some of the bones of the larger animals, and in particular a leg-bone of a gigantic urus, have been broken short across and not bitten through—a circumstance which points towards one of the causes of the vast accumulation of bones in so small a cave. It is well known that wolves and hyænas at the present day are in the habit of hunting in packs, and of forcing their prey over precipices. The Wookey ravine is admirably situated for this mode of hunting, and would not fail to destroy any animal forced into it from the hill-side. It is therefore very probable that its hyænas adopted this mode of catching their prey. The bears and lions must have been maimed in some manner or other, before the hyænas would have dared to attack them.

But if all the remains of the animals were introduced by the hyænas, they certainly in some cases do not occupy the exact position in which they were left by those animals. Some of the bone layers, for instance, actually touched the roof. This, indeed, has been used as an argument in favour of their having been introduced by water, from some unknown repository. But if this hypothesis be admitted, we are landed in the following dilemma: either the introducing current of water must have passed down the vertical passages, or upwards through the horizontal mouth of the cave. In the former case the three bone layers would not have been found in the narrow passages, but would have been swept out into the wide chamber, where the force of the hypothetical current must have abated. In the latter case the great bulk of the remains would have been found in the chamber, and not in the smaller passages. Moreover, the absence of marks of transport by water, and especially of that sorting action which water as a conveying agent always manifests, renders the view of their being so intro-

duced untenable. On the other hand, the horizontality of the layers of bone, and the presence of sand and of red earth, implies that water was an agent in re-arranging the bones and in introducing some of the contents of the cave. The only solution of the difficulty that I can hazard is the occurrence of floods from time to time, during the occupation of the hyænas, similar to those which now take place in the caverns of the neighbourhood. A few years ago, the outlet of the Axe in the great cave was impeded by some accident, and the water rose to a height of upwards of sixteen feet, leaving a horizontal deposit of red earth of the same nature as that in the hyæna-den. Now, if we suppose that similar floods were caused by an obstruction in the ravine below the hyæna den, it may have been flooded just as the upper galleries of the great cave, and the water laden with sediment might have elevated the layers of matted bone, and some of the scattered remains on the surface, while the current was insufficient to disturb the stones, or to affect to any extent the deposits of former floods. The buoyancy of the organic remains is not required to be greater, on this hypothesis, than in that of their having been introduced by a current through the vertical passages. Some of the wet bones taken straight from the cave were sufficiently light to be carried down by the current of the Axe.

All these facts taken together enable us to form a clear idea of the condition of things at the time the hyæna-den was inhabited. The hyænas must have been the normal occupants of the cave, and thither they brought their prey. We can realize those animals pursuing elephants and rhinoceroses along the slopes of the Mendip, till they scared them into the precipitous ravine, or watching until the strength of a disabled bear or lion ebbed away sufficiently to allow of its being overcome by their cowardly strength. Man appeared from time to time on the scene, a miserable savage armed with bow and spear, unacquainted with metals, but defended from the cold by coats of skin.¹ Sometimes he took

¹ Bone needles were found in Kent's Hole and in many foreign caves of this age.

possession of the den and drove out the hyænas; for it is impossible for both to have lived in the same cave at the same time. He kindled his fires at the entrance, to cook his food, and to keep away the wild animals. Then he went away, and the hyænas came to their old abode, and while all this was taking place there were floods from time to time, until eventually the cave was completely blocked up with their deposits. The winter cold at the time must have been very severe to admit of the presence of the reindeer and lemming.

The question naturally arises, when did all this happen? The date is so far out of the reach of history that it cannot be measured by the unit of years, but merely by the physical changes that have taken place since that time. The lion and hyæna have forsaken Europe for a southern region; the reindeer, lemming, and grizzly bear have retreated to more congenial latitudes; while the two rhinoceroses and the cave-bear have become extinct. Again, as these animals are found in river deposits now high above the valleys in which the present rivers flow in Britain, France, and Germany, those valleys must have been excavated after the river deposit at a higher level had been made. The fact also that they are dredged up from the bottom of the sea off the coasts of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, implies that the land extended in that direction to join the continent. Attempts have been made to measure the rate of these changes by an appeal to that which is going on around us, and have resulted in a vague idea of the extreme antiquity of the epoch when these animals were living in Britain. And this idea is probably correct, although the changes now taking place in temperate and equable climates afford no index to those which may have been, and probably were, brought about under very different conditions. An increased rainfall, or the accumulation of the winter snow, accompanied by the floods of spring, would materially hasten the excavation of a valley, and the depression of a given tract of land may occupy a greater or a less time. We have no

means of ascertaining the rate at which animals may become extinct. The only answer that can be given is altogether geological and relative. These animals came into Europe after the glacial depression of the north had yielded to a movement in the opposite direction, and they lived here during the post-glacial, or post-pliocene, or quaternary period, as it is indiscriminately called.

There are several other caves of this epoch in the Mendip Hills, that have been explored by Messrs. Beard and Williams, at Banwell, Sandford-hill, Uphill, and Burrington. They also occur in the limestone throughout Europe. In the caves of the Brazils, extinct mammalia are found bearing the same relation to the existing sloth and armadillo of that region which those of Wookey Hole bear to those in Europe. The caves of Australia have also furnished the remains of a marsupial fauna, related in the same way to that which now occupies the country. All these caves therefore may be assigned to the same geological horizon.

In 1864 we resolved to examine some of the caves on the north side of the Mendip Hills. Burrington Combe is a deep gorge, near Wrington, on the northern side of the Mendips, hollowed in its lower end out of a conglomerate or petrified sea-beach, and in its middle and upper part, out of the hard limestone and shales of which the carboniferous limestone is composed. It runs at right angles to the axis of the Mendip range, and coincides with a system of joints running also from north to south. Its many windings to the east and west are owing to a second system of joints east and west less important than the first, and with them splitting up the limestone into a series of cubes. The right-hand side, as you enter the combe, is traversed by two secondary ravines, and on the left the rock rises into an unbroken precipice, until we reach its upper part. In this combe we explored four caves.

The first of these, or Aveline's Hole, penetrates the left side of the lower portion of the combe, and is on a level with its rocky bottom. It consists of

two chambers running downwards parallel with the dip of the rock. When discovered about the year 1820, its entrance was blocked up by a large mass of stalactite, and the only access was through a small hole in the rock. Several human skeletons were found in a recess, and some of the skulls and bones were covered with stalagmite because they were exposed to the calcareous drip from the roof. There can be no reasonable doubt that the cave was used as a place of interment by some early people, but, since the skulls have vanished from the Bucklandian collection, it is impossible to form an opinion of their date or race. The first chamber had been dug out either by Mr. Beard or by a man who was impelled by a dream to search for gold, and the crust of stalagmite, which extends horizontally like a sheet of ice across the lower portion, had been broken. We sank our shaft at the further end of the inner chamber, which was filled with layers of fine silt and sand; and after penetrating to a depth of thirty-eight feet without finding anything except the skull of a sheep and the tooth of a pig, we did not think it worth our while to go any farther.

While our men were employed in sinking the shaft, we hunted about for other caves, and we were fortunate enough to light on two which had never been touched. In searching for caves, rabbits, foxes, and badgers are most valuable guides. Wherever they are numerous in a mountain limestone district caves cannot be far away, because there must be some hollow in the rock filled with earth to allow of the burrows being made. We discovered one from its being known as a badger's hole, and its having afforded shelter to a hunted fox. Whitcombe's Hole opens on the right-hand side of the combe, just above the junction of the lower ravine, at a height of one hundred and five feet from the bottom, and fifteen from the top. It runs horizontally into the rock, and therefore belongs to the class termed "tunnel caves," which as a rule have been inhabited by men and

wild animals. It was partially full of earth, mingled with charcoal, and contained a large quantity of bones and isolated teeth and jaws, which had clearly been used by man for food. In the lower part there were fragments of a rude unornamented urn of coarse black ware, with the rim turned at right angles, and a fragment of iron that more closely resembles the angle iron of a box than anything else. The accumulation of bones and charcoal proves that the cave was inhabited for some considerable time. The position of the cave is eminently-fitted for concealment; for while commanding an extensive view down the combe, it is invisible both from above and below, and, opening on the face of an almost vertical cliff, it may be defended against any odds. The remains of the animals belong to the short-horned ox, goat, deer, wolf, fox, badger, rabbit, and hare. There is nothing to show when they were accumulated. The presence, however, of the sheep and short-horned ox, and of the pottery, proves that the occupation was far more modern than that of the hyæna-den.

The third cave, Plumley's Den, still higher up in the combe, and on the left hand side, consists of two chambers, communicating with each other by two very small passages. The natural entrance, but little larger than a fox's hole, was in the roof of the first chamber, and through this we had to drop down into the cave. And as this was a most inconvenient mode of access, and especially to some of our visitors, we blasted a second entrance in the combe side. The first chamber was at least half full of broken rocks, covered with a mortar-like mass of decomposing stalagmite, and underneath them we found a most remarkable group of skulls—one of the short-horned ox, two of goat, and one of the pig. The last had a round hole in its forehead, about the size of a five-shilling piece, which could only have been made by human hands. The presence of the lower jaws close by shows that they were deposited while the muscles still bound them to the skulls. Between the interstices of the stones covering the floor, there were remains of

wolf, fox, mole, badger, bat, red and roe deer, and water-rat. The outer chamber was remarkable for the absence of earth of any kind, except underneath the natural entrance. The inner one has its lower end blocked up with a fine red earth, deposited by the stream which flows from time to time during heavy rain. This cave, like the preceding, is undoubtedly of a later date than the hyæna den. The skulls were probably placed where we found them by man, for some reason or other, for it would have been impossible for an animal as large as an ox or a deer to have squeezed its way in, and, had they been introduced by foxes, they would have been gnawed.

On passing down the combe, and ascending the lower of the two ravines, we come to by far the largest cavern with which I am acquainted in the Mendips—that locally known by the name of Goatchurch. Like all the other large caverns in the district, it has its legends. The dwellers in the neighbourhood, who have never cared to explore its recesses, will tell you that a certain dog, put in here, found its way out after many days at Wookey Hole, having lost all its hair in scrambling through the narrow passages. At Cheddar the same legend is appropriated to the Cheddar cave. At Wookey the dog is said to have travelled back to Cheddar. Some eighteen years ago, while exploring some limestone caverns at Llanamynych, on the English border of Montgomeryshire, I met with a similar story. A man playing the bagpipes is said to have entered one of the caves, well provisioned with Welsh mutton, and after he had been in some time his bagpipes were heard two miles from the entrance, underneath the small town of Llanamynych. He never returned to tell his tale. The few bones that are found in the cave are supposed to be those which he had picked on the way. This is doubtless another form of the story of the dog; both owe their origin to the vague impression which most people have of the great extent of caverns.

The Goatchurch cave opens upon the east side and about one hundred and twenty feet above the bottom of the

ravine. After creeping on all-fours through a narrow passage with a rather steep descent westward, you suddenly pass into a stalactitic chamber of considerable height and size, with a floor inclined at about 30° . Two vertical holes lead from this chamber: the first, to the left hand, leads into a passage of some length, now blocked up, which formerly opened into the passage next described; the second, also on the left side, and close to a huge barrel-shaped stalagmite, leads into a horizontal passage nearly at right angles to the first chamber, and due east and west, just large enough to admit of a person walking with ease. Thence a series of chambers and passages leads eventually to a stream which is probably that which disappears in the ravine a short distance above. If this be the case, the water had lost ten degrees of heat in its passage, being 49° in the cave and 59° out of it. The great coolness, indeed, of the water makes me think that a streamlet of considerable subterranean length must join the lower "twin-brooks" between the points of disappearance in the ravine and reappearance in the cavern. In all probability all the water flowing underneath Burrington Combe forms the stream which gushes forth in great volume at Rickford, a small hamlet about one mile distant. The air in the cave, which passed in a current downwards, was 59° , or five degrees cooler than that outside. Some eighteen feet below the stream there are two or three small passages intersecting one another as usual at right angles, but difficult of access on account of the unstable position of the large blocks of limestone. One of these, which we freed from the stalactites that barred our progress, led into a small chamber. The lowest portion of the cave was eighteen to twenty feet below the stream, and two hundred and twenty below the entrance of the cavern.

On returning we discovered a second entrance to the lower chamber much more accessible than the first. By the former, indeed, it is almost impossible to ascend. We found on accidentally

mistaking the passage and attempting this ascent, that it is far too narrow for the use of hands or feet; and alternate elongation and contraction of the body, while clinging to the little sharp fossils standing out from the surface, is the only means of locomotion.

In the horizontal passage, immediately below the first vertical descent, the stalagmite had been broken, and the earth disturbed, except in one spot, a few feet only in area. On setting men to work at the undisturbed portion we obtained only a molar of cave-bear, and a piece of flint of precisely similar form to those used by the Australians to barb their spears (though rather larger), and like them, when used, it has the sharp cutting edge splintered and worn. They were embedded in the usual red earth, which contained stones, and underlay a stalagmitic crust of from one and a half to two inches thick. The cave is the resort of numerous badgers. If we hid ourselves in one of the fissures, and threw our lights across the horizontal passage, these animals ran to and fro with extraordinary swiftness. Though rarely caught, they must still be very abundant in that district.

There can be little doubt that the organic remains in this cave have been—like those of Liège, described by Buckland's great antagonist Schmerling—introduced by water from some higher level; and the date of the introduction probably was during the time that the cave-bear was living in Somerset. As such, therefore, the ossiferous deposit is of greater age than those of the other caverns which we examined in this combe.

These caves are fair samples of what any man may find in exploring the Mendip Hills. The interest, of course, centres in the hyæna-den, as containing the traces of man along with the remains of the characteristic post-glacial, or quaternary animals. No man with a due regard to the burrows of rabbits, foxes, or badgers, in a limestone district, can fail to discover new caves, which will amply repay an exploration.

To be continued.

WHAT JOHN KNOX DID FOR SCOTCH EDUCATION.

BY THOMAS M. LINDSAY, M.A.

How to train the youth of the nation and get the greatest amount of working power out of its ablest children, is one of the most important questions of the day, and calls forth a growing interest. University extension, Public School reform, Middle-class and Primary education, and compulsory attendance, are widely and eagerly discussed. It may not be uninteresting, therefore, to give some account of the Education Bill of an old Scotch Reformer and Statesman, and show its effect on the country—for all educationalists speak with respect of the Scotch Parish-school system.

Scotch education, like most things of much worth in Scotland that have come down to us from the past, owes a great deal to John Knox. Knox, indeed, is commonly called the founder of the parish-school system, and the man who has given to Scotland what educational celebrity it has since had; but this is only vaguely true. In the seething times of the Reformation, almost all that was good and lasting in the nation, whether the gathered fruit of the past or the seeds of the future, was found with Knox, and got its living power from him; and so it was with education. Knox did not create the educational system of his country, he reorganised it and put new life into it. He found even the parish-school system already made, and only adapted it to the wants of the time, and made it rest on the people instead of being supported by the ecclesiastics of the country. This is only what we should have expected, for a good system of education is not made, but grows. A reformer may mould it, or train it to his mind, or readjust it and free it from the obstacles with which time has clogged it, but he cannot create to much pur-

pose. Nor did Knox need to attempt any such creation; for it is a curious fact that, as Mr. Hill Burton says, "in almost all the periods of the history of Scotland, whatever documents deal with the social condition of the country reveal a machinery of education always abundant, when compared with any traces of art, or the other elements of civilization;" and in the beginning of the sixteenth century, few countries possessed such a complete educational system as Scotland did. It is true that during the twenty or thirty years which preceded the declaration of the Reformed religion, the Church had become so fearfully corrupt, and its scholastic organization so mismanaged, that able and conscientious prelates made arrangements to send theological students from their dioceses to French colleges for their education; but, on the other hand, all throughout this time of decline there were ever and again strong efforts made by well-meaning Churchmen to stem and turn back the tide of degeneracy, and such efforts commonly took shape in a revival of learning, or the re-establishment of able teachers in some of the monasteries or cathedral towns. Knox, therefore, I repeat, did not create the Scotch educational system: he found one existing which had been the growth of some centuries; but, for all that, the educational reputation of his country is due more to him than to any other man.

John Knox did these three things for Scotch education:—(1.) He put a moral earnestness into it. Before his day young Scotchmen took to learning because it paid well, because it suited their inquisitive and ambitious natures, and because the roving life of the mediæval student gave full swing to their wandering adventurous habits.

But Knox taught Scotchmen to make education a religious duty which they owed to God and to themselves. He taught them to forego any comfort rather than allow their children to grow up ignorant and untaught :—and Scotchmen have not yet forgotten the lesson. (2.) He set up a high educational ideal to be aimed after, and made the people see it. The Books of Discipline contain the rudiments of one of the most enlightened and far-reaching educational systems ever presented to a nation. This scheme for causes to be mentioned was not realized, but did a great work as the ideal to be looked to. (3.) By an appeal to the people he managed to realize in no small measure what the scheming Lords of the Congregation, intent only on securing the property they had pilfered from the Church, scouted as a devout imagination. Since Knox's day, education in Scotland has been mainly self-supporting, and has found its strength in the nation's desire to be educated.

The zeal for the education of the people shown by Knox and other Scottish Reformers was the true outcome of their Reformation principles. The Reformers appealed from the authority of the Church to each man's judgment of what was commanded in the word of God. Mere private judgment, however, was no guide, for men could not deliver opinions upon things that they knew nothing about. Knox asserts roundly, in his own sturdy way, that he will neither obey the authority of ecclesiastics nor yet bend to the wish of "the godless ignorant people" in matters of religion and conscience. God has called every man to judge for himself, but the man must educate himself before he can exercise his privilege ; for it is to the *educated* private judgment that the final appeal is made. Hence education is a religious duty, as binding upon every one as hearing and spreading the "evangel of Christ." Almost all the Reformers felt this principle strongly, and the Reformation was everywhere accompanied by efforts to educate the people ; but Knox, perhaps because he was more

of a statesman if less of a scholar than any other Reformer, saw its true bearing more fully, and insisted more strongly on its being carried into practice. He could not have given any formal deliverance upon the duties and policy of any Church without bringing in some statement of the religious value and meaning of education, and insisting upon its vital importance. In the Geneva Confession Knox inserted the following note :—"Because men cannot so well profit in that knowledge (i. e. the knowledge of the evangel of Christ), except they be first instructed in the tongues and humane sciences, (for now God worketh not commonlie by miracles), it is necessary that seed be sown for the time to come, to the intent that the Church be not left barren and waste to our posteritie ; and that schools also be erected, and colleges maintained, with just and sufficient stipends, wherein youth may be trained in the knowledge and fear of God, that in their ripe age they may prove worthy members of our Lord Jesus Christ, whether it be to rule in civil policy, or to serve in the spiritual ministry, or else to live in godly reverence and subjection." In his famous "Address to the People of England," Knox asserts that one of the chief religious duties of the nation is the education of the people. "Now last," he says, "(omitting things of less importance to your wisdoms), for the preservation of religion it is most expedient that schools be universally erected in all cities and chief towns, the oversight whereof to be committed to the magistrates and godly learned men of the said cities and towns : that of the youth godly instructed amongst them a seed may be reserved and continued for the profit of Christis Church in all ages." And when he drew up a code of Church policy for Scotland, both the way in which education is introduced and spoken of, as well as the care and minuteness of the declarations regarding it, show how strongly Knox felt its deep religious significance. His various public exhortations to the nobles and

people, as well as his repeated endeavours in Church courts and elsewhere, show that to his mind education was in itself a religious duty, owed by the nation to its people and their children, and it is impossible to understand the Reformer's earnestness in the matter, and the zeal which his words kindled all over the country, unless we keep distinctly before us the religious meaning which education had for him and for those whom he influenced. It was the one way to political equality and religious liberty. It made men "profitable members of the realm," and therefore as fit and as bound to "forwarn of anything that may hurt it, as any earl, lord, or baron within it." The principle of the Revised Code and of economical educational legislators of our day, that the State is only bound to provide the merest elements of education, would have been hateful to Knox. The State, he thought, ought to see that every one of its children may have the benefit of the whole educational resources of the country, from the most elementary up to the highest training that the nation can bestow, if found likely to profit by them. This was the first duty a State owed to its people; for Knox's theory of political liberty was not that all men have an equal right to interfere with, to help or hinder the affairs of the commonwealth, but that all men have an equal right to the same means of training and educating themselves, and so finding out and proving whether they are "fit to rule in civil policie, or to live in godly reverence and subjection." If the State neglected this duty, it suffered in consequence. For it was a manifest waste of power, if through poverty or indolence the children of any class of the community were not so educated as to show whether they had the ability to fill any office, even the highest, and to enable the State to get the best work out of the men most fit to give it. And while education was his means of enabling men to show their fitness to perform well the higher kinds of labour, it never seems to have entered into Knox's mind that mental training

would make a man feel above doing any kind of work well; nor was it found in Scotland that a cottar was the worse ploughman because he had and could enjoy his well-worn copy of Sir David Lindesay's *Satires*, or Barbour's *Bruce*, or the old quarto of Calvinist divinity.

But education had a religious as well as a political meaning. In his political views Knox was a *doctrinaire* radical, far before his times. And no feeling of political equality could have awakened the enthusiasm for school training which Knox kindled in the Scottish people. He lived in days of deep religious feeling, and was himself the great religious leader of his country; and because he gave education a new religious meaning, he made his countrymen eager for it. When a man is once educated, he can judge for himself of the purposes of God towards him, and of the ways in which he is bound to serve God, and can know that his judgment is as good as any Churchman's. Learning must be brought down to the people, and the people raised to learning, if they would judge, without brooking the interference of ecclesiastics, what God would have them do to serve him; and therefore education was not merely a duty owed by the State to its children, it was a religious right—it was the warrant for that liberty of conscience which every man can demand from his fellow-men.

A very complete and extensive educational system, different and more thoroughgoing than any the country yet possessed, was needed to educate the children of the nation in the way which Knox demanded. The troubles in Scotland during the years preceding the proclamation of the Reformed Religion had in many places entirely destroyed and everywhere greatly impaired the old educational machinery of the country. The burgh schools, which by this time for the most part were under the control of the magistrates of the town, had suffered least, although many were now closed and the teachers and scholars scattered; but almost all the parish schools dependent on the monasteries or their churches

had been stopped, the monastery schools destroyed, and the universities deserted by professors and students. The once famous and flourishing University of Aberdeen, which had been saluted as a sister by the great University of Paris, and had been praised as the chief seat of learning in Scotland by the learned Ferrarius of Kynlos, was reduced, in 1562, at the time of the visit of Queen Mary, to one poor college with fifteen or sixteen scholars; and Glasgow and St. Andrew's were not in a much better condition. A strong effort had to be made, and a new system of education established, ere the people could be taught. The First Book of Discipline, which was presented to the Estates of Scotland and subscribed by the Secret Council in the year 1560, contains Knox's Education Bill, which was to settle the educational difficulties of his day, and aimed at giving a thoroughgoing mental training to a nation. It is only when we carefully examine the part of the Book of Discipline with which we have to do, and interpret it by Knox's own accounts of his work, by other contemporary records, and by the course of events, that we find how thoroughgoing was the plan. It provides carefully for the equal distribution of means of education according to population, it distinguishes between primary and middle-class schools, and makes careful provision for regular and thorough inspection.

Knox's plan was to take advantage of the survey of the country which was being made by the Superintendents and their assistants, and plant a school wherever they recommended a church. The usefulness of this distribution soon became apparent; for, not only were the parish churches naturally placed most advantageously for the needs of the people, but in the lack of schoolmasters, the minister with his "reader" or clerk could do double duty, and provide the school training for the children, as well as supply the religious wants of the people. In the more thinly populated or upland districts, it was from the first intended that the minister should sup-

plement his proper ecclesiastical work by teaching the parish school, just as in many of the remoter parts of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, as well as in the out-of-the-way country districts of Protestant Germany, the schoolmaster now conducts religious services on Sundays. "If the parish be upland," says the First Book of Discipline, "where the people convene to doctrine but once in the week, then must either the reider or the minister there appointed take care over the children and youth of the parish, to instruct them in their first rudiments, and especially in the catechism." In all towns of any importance, and in all parishes where the population was so large that the time of the minister would be quite taken up by his purely ecclesiastical work, Knox wished to see a thoroughly good school, taught by a schoolmaster "able to teach at least grammar and the Latin tongue." In these district and burgh schools Knox proposed that the whole youth of the nation should be educated, or at least should get the beginning of the training which would fit them to become profitable members of the realm. And as in our Reformer's view the State did not mean some one privileged caste or class, but the whole body of the people, and the offices of State were not the birthright of any one class, but belonged to each one who proved himself most worthy of them, these parish schools were meant to be the training grounds for the children of every class in the community, whether noble or commoner. Every child in the nation was in the beginning of its life at school to get a "fair field and no favour." In every parish school the cottar's son and the laird's were to try their strength on equal terms, the honest rivalry was to breed that sturdy independence which begets the most lasting kind of obedience, and every class in the community was to be so knit together as to feel itself one nation. The political significance which Knox attached to education made him take a far higher standard of primary school training than almost

any more recent educational reformer. These parish schools were really to be primary schools, but their list of subjects taught went far beyond the meagre supplies of the Revised Code. It included learning to read, write, and cipher, the catechism and bible lessons, grammar, Latin, frequently also French, and music—those branches of mental training which would really educate and enable a lad to show whether there might be “a spirit of docility in him or not.” And while the primary education he wished to give the people of Scotland included much more than most modern educational reformers would contemplate, Knox meant it to be thorough. He fully recognized the fact which we are now only very slowly beginning to see, that any system of education which is to be really good and trustworthy must include complete, regular, and thoroughgoing inspection. He accordingly provided that each school should be examined carefully once a quarter. “Discrete, learned, and grave men must be appointed to visit all schools for the trial of their (the children’s) exercise, profit, and continuance, to wit, the ministers and elders, with the godly learned men in every town, shall every quarter make examination how the youth have profited.” These examinations were to be reviews of the whole school, and were matters of the utmost seriousness, both to scholars and parents. Our Scotch Reformers, like the old Greek Republicans, believed that the children of the people belonged as much to the nation as to the family, and were to be trained for the nation’s good, not according to the fears and fancies of foolish parents; or rather they thought, for a religious duty was ever their last motive, that each family was bound to dedicate its children to God, and so give them up to be trained for whatever service they could best render to God and their country. Our modern private educational establishments and select schools, safe from Government inspection or any other real test of work and training, where fond parents and obedient teachers

combine to spoil our children and drive all manliness out of them, by giving them as little work and as much coddling as they well can, would have been an utter abomination to Knox and his fellow-reformers. His schools were to be real gymnasias, where the youth of the land could show what parts were in them, and be taught to use all their abilities for the public weal. Therefore they were subjected to regular and strict inspection, and the future life and calling of the scholars were to depend upon the results of these quarterly examinations. The inspectors were charged to discover whether there be “a spirit of docility in any of the pupils,” and if they found them “apt to letteris and learning” at the end of their grammar-school course, they are to direct them “to proceed to farther knowledge;” but if the boys do not show signs of fitness for higher learning, then they are to be taught some handicraft, or set about some other occupation, that they may be worthy members of the commonwealth, not useless idlers in it.

These parish schools and burgh grammar-schools were meant to be primary schools only, and, wide as their list of studies seems to those familiar with our modern notions of Government primary education, were to convey that amount of mental training which all the children of the people, whatever their rank or future occupation might be, were expected to undergo before they were set to the work or handicraft for which they seemed to be the most fit. For those who were “apt to letters and learning,” and who were set apart by the primary school inspectors to follow some learned profession, Knox proposed that *Colleges* should be erected in all the principal towns, and especially in the towns of the superintendents—middle-class schools to carry on the grammar-school education and fit boys for the university. It was an important element in his scheme that these colleges should be placed in the chief centres of population all over the country. He wished the whole people to be leavened with the higher learning,

and he thought to accomplish this by distributing as far as possible all over Scotland the middle-class schools. This attempt to spread the higher learning, by making every college a centre of education diffusing to all around culture and the higher civilization which education brings, shows more than anything else the statesmanship in John Knox's bill. There is nothing more surprising in the history of education than the very small effect made upon the people by the vast resources which the higher learning has at its command in England. Even if it were true, it is no explanation to say that the great English schools and universities belong to a privileged caste, not to the people of England; for there remains the question, how were these schools and colleges, once the property of the people, allowed to become as exclusive as they are said to be? And it is not true that the English universities do nothing to educate the children of the people. The fact that many Scotch students who have nothing to live upon but what their brains win for them, are found at Oxford and Cambridge working their way often to the foremost places in the class lists, proves that these colleges are not so exclusive as they are sometimes said to be, but do their best to help any poor scholar who comes to them. The real secret, I believe, of the powerlessness of the upper schools and colleges of England to raise the intelligence of the people lies in this, that they have never been brought into close connection with the family. From the earliest times English middle-class education has been gathered into a few great centres, and the boys who were destined for any learned profession had to be sent, when quite young, away from the family to live at school. Although this separation between school and family is not so thoroughgoing now as formerly, and although there are in most towns good middle-class schools which can fit boys for the university, it is still too much the case in England that the boy's family knows little about his school life save what comes to them in the

shape of school reports and school bills. But in Scotland, since Knox's time, although the thoroughgoing system of Knox was not carried out, and in North Germany since its great educational reformation, the school and the family are in the closest connections. The High Schools are so distributed over the country, that unless where the parents live far from town, boys need not go from home to school. Home life and school life, with all their different pursuits and habits, intertwine the one with the other, and each strengthens and braces the other. And, what is the important thing for the feelings of the people, education makes itself felt throughout the whole family in their daily life. They are interested in the daily lessons, in the daily place in the class, in any new information given by the teachers, and thus in the simplest way in the world a whole people is trained to feel an interest in and to work for the higher education of its children. Knox was keenly alive to the value of the influence of the family in making and moulding the habits of the young, and knew well how school and family would act and react upon each other for good; and it is to his Book of Discipline that Scotland owes the principle, at least, of that *distribution* of the means to higher education which has made her people, in spite of her poverty, and of her scanty educational resources, an educated people. Knox wished at least ten of these middle-class schools or colleges to be at once set up in the ten towns or centres of the Superintendents' districts—viz. in Kirkwall, the Channonrie of Ross, Argyle, Old Aberdeen, Brechin, St. Andrews, Edinburgh, Jedburgh, Glasgow, and Dumfries: and it is likely that had his scheme been carried into effect, colleges would also have been erected in Ayr, Dunfermline, Dundee, Montrose, and Perth. In these colleges students were to be taught the arts—i.e. the seven arts which formed the *trivium* and *quadrivium* of the mediæval universities—at least Logic and Rhetoric, and also the tongues. It is not clear what languages were to

be included under the phrase "the tongues;" certainly Latin and French, probably Greek and also Hebrew; for we know that these four languages were taught a few years later by John Row in the High School of Perth. These colleges were to submit to the same thorough inspection as the parish schools, and the lads who showed fitness for a further intellectual training were to pass from them to the universities.

The First Book of Discipline proposes that the three Scotch Universities of St. Andrews, Glasgow, and Aberdeen be retained and remodelled in order to give a thorough general and special training to the students who had been prepared by previous courses at the parish schools and the middle-class colleges. Knox states his plan for the reformation of the universities at some length and with great minuteness. He saw that to suit the needs of the time the whole university teaching and arrangements must be entirely altered. The Scotch universities had been modelled after some of the great continental schools, and retained the methods of mediævalism after the spirit had gone. The Reformation had brought a new intellectual life into the world, and the universities must adapt themselves to this if they desired to keep their places as the intellectual guides of the people. Many of our Scottish Reformers were well able to help Knox in his attempt to reorganize the highest educational machinery of his country—men who had studied under the great Erasmus, under Melancthon at Wittenberg, and Macabeus in Denmark, and who knew all the latest methods used abroad to feed and fan the new intellectual life kindled there. Such men were George Buchanan, John Row, Andrew Simpson, and many others, who now set themselves at the head of the new intellectual movement in Scotland, and helped Knox to draw up his plan for the reformation of the universities. At the time of the Reformation there were in all the Scotch universities one or two colleges—St. Andrews had three, Aberdeen two, and Glasgow two—in all of which the same

branches of learning were taught according to the old monastic method. Knox proposed a division of labour, and recommended that one college should devote its strength to the work of general preparation, while the others should instruct in the more strictly professional learning. Thus, to take the University of St. Andrews as an example, the three colleges of St. Salvator, St. Leonard, and St. Mary, were no longer to be in the same position as the smaller colleges at an English university, with a teaching staff of a score of clergymen under the names of principals, masters of arts, regents and chaplains, training slowly a limited number of students and scholars or *pauperes clerici*: the number of teachers was to be regulated by the work ready for them, and the number of students was to be limited only by the size of the class-rooms. Nor was the teaching power of the university to be wasted by setting several men to do the same duties. It was proposed that one college should be appropriated to the study of the Arts, including medicine; another to the study of Law, including ethics, economics, and politics; and the third to the study of Divinity, including the Greek and Hebrew languages. The Arts course was to embrace Dialectics; Mathematics, including arithmetic, geometry, cosmography, and astronomy; and Natural Philosophy. Students were to remain for three years at the Arts course, and it was decreed that "those who after three years by trial and examination shall be found sufficiently instructed in these aforesaid sciences, shall be laureate and graduate in Philosophy." Graduation in Philosophy was essential to entrance into the medical class; the students of Law had to pass besides an examination in ethics, economics, and politics; and the students of Divinity, in addition to this, had to show "sufficient testimonials of time well spent at the Hebrew tongue." The Medical course lasted five years, the Law course four years, and the course of Divinity five years. Each course was finished by graduation in law, medicine, or divinity.

These three professional, with the indispensable degree in Arts, made the four degrees to be conferred by the university. It is difficult to imagine a more thoroughgoing system than that proposed by Knox. Entrance to the university was guarded by a sufficiently strict examination, and students were required to bring certificates of good conduct from the master of their school, or from the minister of their parish; they had to undergo an examination in their past work ere they could pass from a lower to a higher class; they had to pass their degree examinations ere they could remove from the Arts classes to the professional; and they were to be well kept at their work during their whole college career by monthly examinations conducted by the principal himself. The discipline of the college was to be in the hands of the principal, who was also to be the master of the college. The head of the university was to be the Rector, who was to be chosen by the principals, regents, and resident graduates of the colleges. The fees are also stated with great minuteness, and the university revenues estimated and distributed with great exactness. One of the regulations which shows most thoroughly the new spirit which was to animate the reformed universities of Scotland, is that regarding university privileges. In mediæval times students were always a privileged class, not amenable to the police regulations of the town or country in which they resided as students, for the "clerk" was always associated with the priest. In the old days privileges were always granted by the authorities to the founders of universities; students could commit offences with impunity which the townspeople dared not, and university towns were not the safest places for those who were anxious to preserve unhurt their persons and property. Beneath a custom introducing such licence there was doubtless the grand principle which gave so much quickening to the mediæval university life, that men of learning belonged to no town or country, but were

citizens of the great republic of letters; but times were changing, and a new principle was growing and taking shape in Scotland—this, viz., that every one in the nation ought to get the first rudiments of the learning which would make him a believer, however humble, to this great republic; every citizen was to be a "clerk," and every "clerk" a citizen. And so Knox proposed to do away with all petty municipal distinctions between students and townsmen, and specially with that university privilege which granted students immunity in wrongdoing. "Seeing," he says, "that we desire that innocence shall defend us rather than privilege, we think that each person of the university should answer before the provost and baillies of each town where the universities are, of all the crimes whereof they are accused, only that the Rector be assessor to them in the said actions."

This is a short outline of Knox's Education Bill, so far as it presents a general and complete scheme of training, beginning with parish schools and ending with universities. There is one point about it which deserves attention, and has not been sufficiently brought out—its thoroughly national and non-ecclesiastical character. Scotch education before Knox's days had been almost purely ecclesiastical, save when shrewd burgh magistrates who paid the teachers insisted on having some share in the government of the school. Knox made Scotch education national in the truest sense, by entrusting it to the care of laymen. Few of the great Scotch schoolmasters, regents, and readers in the colleges were clergymen. The management of the parish and burgh schools and their quarterly inspection was not put into the hands of the clergymen, but was to belong to the learned men of the place, whether laymen or ministers, and the burgh schools were to be managed by the burgh magistrates. The circumstances of the time were such that the ecclesiastical greatly outweighed the lay influence. In many country parishes the school owed everything to the clergyman, and was naturally dependent upon

him; and even in the burghs where the schoolmaster's salary was paid by the burgh magistrates the worthy baillies felt that they had not education enough either to choose schoolmasters or examine the scholars, and accordingly left the matter almost altogether in the hands of the presbytery. An amusing entry in the records of the burgh of Kirkcaldy shows how the clergy, simply because they were the educated part of the community, came to have more than their share in the management of the schools. "The court taking to their consideration that there is a vacancy in the school by and through the death of Mr. Wm. Jardine, and that there are several candidates putting in for the same; therefore they resolve that there shall be a public dispute there for; and in respect that this board is not altogether skillful in the Latin and Greek languages, and so not qualified to be judges of the said dispute, therefore they recommend to the provost, baillies, dean of guild, Baillie Oswald, and convener, to apply themselves to the presbytery for getting some of their number to be witnesses to the said dispute, and to know when they shall be best at leisure to attend the same." Such extracts, and many could be quoted, show how the clergy came gradually and accidentally to have a larger share in the management of education than was originally intended.

In order to work this extensive educational measure and to educate the nation up to the pitch desired, two things were required—the attendance of the children at the schools, and a large educational fund to pay the schoolmasters, provide for the colleges, and support the universities. To meet the first want Knox proposed a measure of compulsory education. Two classes of people he thought might be apt to shirk their duties, the rich and the very poor: the rich because they were too much accustomed to allow their children to grow up in idleness, and the poor because they had not wherewithal to pay the usual fees. "The rich and the potent may not be permitted to suffer their children to spend their youth in vain idleness, as hereto-

fore they have done. But they must be exhorted and by the censure of the Church compelled to dedicate their sons, by good exercise, to the profit of the Church and of the commonwealth; and that they must do of their own expense because they are able. The children of the poor must be supported and sustained in the charge of the Church until trial be taken whether the spirit of docility be found in them or not. If they be found apt to letters and learning, then they may not (we mean neither the sons of the rich nor the sons of the poor) be permitted to reject learning, but must be charged to continue their studie, so that the commonwealth may have some comfort by them." The punishment for not sending children to school and refusing to submit them to the educational regulations of the country, was to be visitation with the censures of the Church—a social punishment deterrent enough in the days of Knox.

The educational funds were to come from the old property of the Church. Knox and his brother Reformers insisted with great vehemence that all the revenues of the old Scottish Church belonged to God, and could be taken by an act of sacrilege only, for private purposes. What was once given to the Church remained hers for ever. If her revenues had been misapplied, there was need for a redistribution of the expenditure, not for spoliation. Accordingly he proposed that the Church property should be divided into three parts, one to be set aside for the support of the ministry, the repair of churches, and various other purely ecclesiastical purposes; another to be devoted to the support of the poor, many of whom had been reduced to the last extremities in the late troubles; the third to be given for the support of education. Out of this third part of the old Church revenues, Knox proposed to pay a certain fixed salary to each parish and burgh schoolmaster, and to give him besides an allowance for teaching those children whose parents were too poor to pay fees; to pay the salaries of the teachers in the middle-

class schools or colleges, and to give a certain number of bursaries to enable poor boys to go on with their education if they seem fit for it; and to support the whole of the university expenses, including the salaries of principals, regents, readers, and servants, and the bursaries or scholarships given to encourage deserving students. The property of the old Scottish Church was so extensive, that had Knox got the third of it for educational purposes, Scotland would have had the wealthiest, instead of the poorest, educational endowments of any country. But at this point Knox's scheme broke down entirely. The robber Lords of the Congregation had got possession of the old Church lands, and refused to give them up or any part of them. The records of the first hundred years of the Reformed Church are full of complaints to the Parliament against the barons, who, in spite of repeated charges, still kept possession of the Church lands; but the complaining was of very little avail. Some property was got back for ecclesiastical and educational purposes, but the bulk of it was lost to the Church and the people. The attitude of Knox when his great education scheme thus broke down in its most fundamental part was very fine. He never seems to have lost faith in himself nor in the nation, nor to have lost hope that Scotland would yet have a national education. Foiled by the nobles, he appealed to the people, and they answered his call. In the General Assembly year by year the superintendents were ordered to look out the best places and establish schools there, and appeals were made to the magistrates to appoint teachers to instruct the towns' children. The burgh-records of every town in Scotland, I am persuaded, would show some response to this appeal. Within fifteen years after the First Book of Discipline had been presented to the nation, there was scarcely a town which had not its own school and schoolmaster. At first the teachers were badly enough paid, but by degrees their salaries became very respectable, if we consider the

times. The burgh-records of many of the towns show us how the salaries gradually increased, as the townsmen felt the importance of the training which their children were getting. In 1582 the provost and baillies of Kirkcaldy "first found it good and a great common weal" that a school be set up in the burgh, or rather be re-established, for the records show that the town had a school long before the Reformation time, though the troubles in the country had destroyed it with many others. Accordingly, they move that "ane contract be made betwixt the baillies, council, and community hereof, and Mr. David Spens, minister hereof, that the said Mr. David shall take up and teach ane grammar-school by himself as principal, with ane doctor (clerk or usher) under him, for whom he shall answer; and for his larouses (salary) shall have from every bairn the quarter, of the town's bairns iij s.—iiij d. (Scots money), and to have his vantage of the country bairns (i.e. the teacher might charge as much as he liked for teaching children who did not belong to the town), the payments being always made at the entry; also the said doctor to have his meat about in the town, to wit, of every bairn ane day's meat." In this way the baillies got teaching at a very cheap rate, and bound themselves to provide nothing but a school-house, when the room in the minister's house became too small to hold the pupils. But they soon became so impressed with the value of their school, that they got regular schoolmasters, and paid them, first thirty, then one hundred pounds Scots, and also allowed them to increase their fees. The baillies of Kirkcaldy followed a plan very common, and many a burgh school was started, the schoolmaster getting no salary, but a fixed fee from every child, while the magistrates took care that that salary should be as large as possible, by compelling all parents but the very poor to pay the fees whether they sent their children to school or not, and giving orders "to poynd the bairns wherever they refuse to pay." Many burghs were more

liberal, and commenced by giving the schoolmaster a fair salary, on condition that he taught the poor children of the town without fee. Thus, in 1574, the town council of Aberdeen paid "to the Maister of the Grammar Schoill for his fee of the twa termis xxxiiij pounds vj s. iiij d.;" and "to the Maister of the Sang Schoill xiiij pounds xij s. iiij d." In 1575 the town council of Cupar paid to the schoolmaster forty pounds as salary, and gave thirteen pounds six and eightpence to his doctor. These are the first entries after the revival of education at the Reformation. Other towns appropriated some part of the payments they were accustomed to make for ecclesiastical purposes, *e.g.* the burgh of Crail gave as part payment of the schoolmaster's salary the forty shillings which "was of auld payit to the chaplaine of the rude altar." And thus within a very few years, in spite of the poverty of the country and the spoliation of the Church revenues by the barons, there was scarcely a small town in Scotland which had not a good school. In the country districts the want of education could be less easily supplied, and would have long continued had not the parish clergymen grudged themselves no labour to provide education for the people. In the early years of the Reformation the minister of the parish and his reader usually taught the school, taking fees from the children whose parents were able to pay, and teaching the poor for nothing. They must have lived hard, heroic lives, supported chiefly by the voluntary system as we now call it, "by benevolences," Knox says. However paid, they did contrive to raise all over Scotland parish schools where the children of the country-side could get a good education, and not many years after Knox's death scarcely a parish in Scotland wanted its school. By dint of constant pounding away at petitions, complaints, and representations to King, Council, and Parliament, the Church managed to wring from the reluctant barons a small part of their ill-gotten spoils, and some provision was made

for the support of religion and education; but the great want in Scotch education, from the Reformation times downwards, has been the want of money. It was possible by an appeal to local enthusiasm to create primary schools in town and parish such as Knox desired, but his scheme of middle-class education and his thorough university reform was never completed. It is true that many of the towns' grammar-schools, supported by liberal and enlightened townsmen, and taught by famous teachers, very nearly realized Knox's idea of middle-class schools. The schools of Perth, Montrose, and Aberdeen are examples where the students were taught Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Logic in the last two years of their course, and had lectures upon the style of the more famous authors. But such schools were few in number, and were not distributed over the land as Knox proposed. In spite, however, of this failure to establish in its completeness the education scheme given in the First Book of Discipline, Knox's educational opinions have taken deep hold upon the Scottish people, and no Education Bill for Scotland can hope to be really successful which does not recognize and to some extent embody the Reformer's educational principles. It is to be hoped that in the promised legislation upon this matter our Government will remember that primary education in Scotland has always meant something more than the mere elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic; that all the parish and burgh schools have felt more or less connected with the universities, having masters who are often graduates, and carrying on the education of many of their pupils until they are almost fit for the university; and that the great present educational want in Scotland is a complete and thorough system of Government inspection—for the means of inspection proposed by Knox have long ago become worthless—an inspection which should include every school in the country, and see that every child is getting an education which will fit him to be a useful member of the realm.

BEFORE SEDAN.

"The dead hand clasped a letter."—*Special Correspondence.*

HERE, in this leafy place,
 Quiet he lies,
 Cold, with his sightless face
 Turned to the skies ;
 'Tis but another dead ;—
 All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence,—
 Kings must have slaves ;
 Kings climb to eminence
 Over men's graves :
 So this man's eye is dim ;—
 Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
 There, at his side ?
 Paper his hand had clutched
 Tight ere he died ;—
 Message or wish, may be ;—
 Smoothen it out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
 Here could have smiled !—
 Only the tremulous
 Words of a child ;—
 Prattle, that has for stops
 Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss,
 Morning and night,
 His—her dead father's—kiss ;
 Tries to be bright,
 Good to mamma, and sweet.
 That is all. "*Marguerite.*"

Ah, if beside the dead
 Slumbered the pain !
 Ah, if the hearts that bled
 Slept with the slain !
 If the grief died !—But no ;—
 Death will not have it so.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE LOSS OF THE "CAPTAIN."

BY J. SCOTT RUSSELL, F.R.S.

THE Government of England has been making a large experiment, in which the whole English people take a profound interest, personal as well as national. That experiment has just concluded with a result absolute, decided, and overwhelming. The object of the experiment is therefore obtained: it has settled all the questions it was to decide—one way. The experiment has cost at the least £350,000, and some 500 human lives. That is no doubt an experiment on a sufficiently grand scale to warrant the deep interest the nation takes in its results, and to justify the inquiry we now propose to make into the conditions under which the experiment was made, and into the deductions we may be warranted to draw from it.

We enter upon this inquiry with no desire to inculcate the authors of this great national calamity, nor to discover who the men are who "ought to be hanged." We are not among those who believe that the only way to improve English architecture is to hang an architect, or that the only way to cure railway mismanagement is to burn a bishop. The writer is, on the contrary, one of that school which believes that the careful education and wise training of architects, engineers, and all other professional men, in the principles and practice of their arts before they commit blunders, is better than hanging them afterwards.

It would, however, be folly, now that we have had so gigantic and decided an experiment, not to derive from it all the lessons it can teach, and to draw from it all the knowledge we can for our future guidance. I propose, therefore, to inquire—

First, into the origin of this great naval experiment.

Second, into the nature of the questions it was meant to settle.

Third, into the manner in which the experiment has been conducted.

Fourth, into the lessons which it teaches us for the future.

I. This costly experiment has had its origin precisely in that body which will now be the first to repudiate all responsibility. There has long been in the House of Commons a Turret-ship party, and the construction of the turret-ship *Captain*, under the superintendence of Captain Cowper Coles, was the culmination of success and the crowning glory of that party. For many years they have been in the habit of vilifying the performance of every ship of the Royal Navy which was not a turret-ship of this sort, and after many years of indefatigable perseverance they compelled a reluctant Admiralty to sanction and authorize the construction of the *Captain*, and that party cheerfully voted from the public funds the few hundred thousand pounds necessary to carry out their favourite experiments.

The second body concerned in this experiment is the Board of Admiralty. That Board knew when it gave out the *Captain* to be built that it was about to construct an unseaworthy ship, and only did so to purchase future peace from this troublesome party in the House of Commons. In doing this the Admiralty has put itself in the wrong; and if the Board of Admiralty consisted only of accomplished professional men who valued the reputation of their profession and the honour of the British Navy, it is certain that this feeble concession to

political party would never have been made. Unhappily, the Board of Admiralty contains other elements, and its most powerful members are generally perfectly ignorant of naval affairs—mere prominent politicians. To these men the pleasing a party in the House of Commons is apt to be more important and more within the range of their sagacity than the seaworthiness or unseaworthiness of a man-of-war. Unluckily, it is the Board as a whole that has yielded to the clamour of this political party, and we doubt much whether those it has gratified will show any gratitude now for their unfortunate compliance. It will excite no surprise if these men are the first to turn round and say, "You ought not to have yielded, since it was your special duty to know all about the qualities of ships, and only ours to vote money for building them." To this the professional men on the Board can only reply, that so long as the political element governs that Board successful naval construction and naval administration are rendered impracticable.

But there is a third body of men to whom the country will attribute no inconsiderable share of the responsibility of this experiment. The office of Controller of the Navy and the office of Constructor of the Navy form together the professional executive of the Admiralty, and it will be said that those offices, occupied by professional men, have the most direct share of responsibility in having allowed a ship to be executed for the Admiralty from designs wanting in the elements of seaworthiness. Unquestionably the highest culpability rests on them if they have participated in any degree in the preparation of the designs for the *Captain*, or if, having official cognizance of designs made by other parties, and instructions and means given to investigate her qualities, they did not boldly and decidedly inform their masters of the serious defects in these designs. The probability is that they did so, and that political authority overruled their evidence and silenced their objections. This probability is increased by the fact that a similar ship, the

Monarch, proceeded from the offices of the Controller and the Constructor nearly contemporaneously with the designs of the *Captain*, and that no such defects as characterize the *Captain* are yet discovered in her.

It will probably appear that the designs for this ship originated with private and irresponsible persons, that these persons were selected by Captain Cowper Coles and his friends, and that the designs which pleased them were then communicated to the Admiralty. A responsible shipbuilder was found to undertake the complete construction of the ship at a given contract price, and the Turret-ship party declared their readiness to allow the system to stand or fall by the result of this experiment. Thus the *Captain* came to be built by Messrs. Laird, of Birkenhead, under the immediate personal superintendence of Capt. Cowper Coles.

II. I will now consider the nature of the different questions which the experiment of the *Captain* turret-ship was expected to settle.

The first question preliminary to the construction of a turret-ship is rather a question of artillery than of naval architecture. It is this: Can heavy guns be better worked, easier handled, more perfectly aimed from a round turret than from the broadside of a ship? This question admits of as many answers, and the value of the turret has been as much disputed as the value of the turret-ship. Captain Scott and other gunners allege that they can handle their guns even more rapidly and take surer aim from the ports of a broadside than from the round turret. My own impression is on this point in favour of the turret system when the gun is of very great size and weight: in that case no arrangement can better wield an enormous weight than that of placing the heavy gun-carriage on a pivoted turn-table, which, poised on a centre, allows the whole to revolve by simple mechanism freely in all directions. The same turn-table which carries the gun carries round with it the turret of iron armour which protects gun and gunner, and thus free all round

the horizon, a turret and its gun can be directed on any object in any direction quite independent of the motion of the ship.

If, therefore, the only question were how a single gun of the largest size could be so mounted as to be most useful in every direction and completely protected, I should give it in favour of the turret rather than the broadside. But the question is seldom so simple as this, and in the case of the *Captain* the question was that of mounting four guns of the largest size. These were mounted in two turrets, two guns in each; and two turrets have this disadvantage compared to one, that each of them stands in the other's way, so that the guns cannot be fired freely all round. What holds true of four guns in two turrets holds true with increasing force for any greater number.

It thus becomes evident that the question of a turret-ship ends with four guns; for any higher number the broadside system appears to have unquestionable superiority.

Another question to be settled was the advantage or disadvantage of the turret system in loading the ship with heavy top-weight. In order to have full advantage from turrets they must be so high up that the guns shall sweep clear round above every obstruction. These turrets, independent of their guns and carriages, which may weigh fifty tons each, do themselves consist of some 300 tons of iron armour. This involves the great danger of making the ship top-heavy: that, however, can be counteracted by disposing similar weights at an equal depth below.

We are now approaching the critical difficulty of this inquiry, that on which the choice between turret-ships and broadsides really turns. It is this question of the height of the guns and their turrets above the water, involving the question of overtopping weight and the question of seaworthiness of ship. Will a ship be more seaworthy carrying four guns of a given size in two turrets, or eight guns of the same size in broadside battery? The *Captain* was meant

to solve this question in a peculiar manner. Captain Cowper Coles knew the disadvantage of carrying the great weight of guns and turrets too high above the water, and to counteract this defect he determined to lower the deck of the ship much nearer to the water than the constructors of other ships had hitherto ventured to do. But he also knew that this lowness exposed less surface of side to the enemy's shot. The part of a ship's side which reaches from the water to the weather-deck is technically called her freeboard, and in broadside ships like the *Warrior* this weather-deck is some 14 feet above the water. This 14 feet was reduced in the *Captain* to $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet in theory, but in fact to $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet; but this difference is of minor consequence, for both were blunders. This low freeboard of 7 feet instead of 14 has proved a fatal error, but it was done to lower the inevitable top-weight of the turrets and their guns. Captain Coles thought he was correcting the greater danger by the less, whereas he was substituting the greater danger for the less.

Errors seldom enter a design alone. The freeboard lowered to 8 feet is so much too low that a stiff wind and a brisk sea are continually keeping the decks under water. To work the ship the sailors must be lifted out of the water, and to do that an entirely new upper spar deck had to be provided high in the air above the turrets. This was, no doubt, an encumbrance and top-hamper, but it was the inevitable consequence of a low freeboard, and indispensable to leaving to the guns their free sweep.

This flying deck led still on to yet another error. The temptation was too great, when a deck and its supports were there, not to appropriate the space between decks to accommodation and comfort of some kind, and so a poop and fore-castle of unusual height were added.

This last error encouraged yet another: the space below the flying deck being occupied by poop and fore-castle, seemed to warrant the appropriation of the centre of the ship also to use and convenience, and amidships, from turret to

turret, the centre space was appropriated and blocked up.

This sums up the errors of construction:—The main-deck lowered till the sea washes over; an additional deck raised to a great height; this great height utilized fore and aft, but, by that very use, the free passage of the water across the ship so completely obstructed that the whole contents of a wave delivered on one side of the ship are accumulated there and prevented from escape.

III. Having seen how the *Captain* was contrived for the purpose of combining a greater number of advantages in favour of the turret than the broad-side system, we have now to see how these arrangements were put to the test of a crucial experiment, and with what results.

The great conclusive trial of the *Captain* took place on the 6th of September. She had previously been tried in a great variety of weather, and appeared to possess good qualities as a fair-weather ship; but in order to prove her seaworthiness it was necessary she should be tried in company with other seaworthy ships in seas where winds and waves of sufficient power and size were to be had in abundance. Such a place is well known to all sailors, and to all landmen who have suffered the pangs of passing the Bay of Biscay, off Cape Finisterre.

Twenty miles W.S.W. from Cape Finisterre was the place of rendezvous of the fleet on the 6th of September, and the turret-ship *Captain* formed one of eleven ships under the command of Admiral Sir Alexander Milne. The wind during the day was moderate, freshening as the day advanced, and there were barometric warnings of its growing strength. During the day the *Captain* increased her speed under sail from $9\frac{1}{2}$ to 11, 12, and 13 knots. An eye-witness says: "The *Captain* was within a cable length of us, and then she looked splendid with the sea just washing over her deck." The Admiral reports that "the lee gunwale on deck was level with the water," and also "that the sea was washing over the lee

side of her deck as she met a swell on her lee bow." He also adds, that "in the evening, at the place of rendezvous, the fleet was under double-reefed top-sail, foretop-mast-staysail, and foresail—steam ready for use."

Such are the conditions of the fleet riding at the rendezvous on the evening of the 6th. The *Captain* is just astern of the *Lord Warden*, which carries Admiral Milne. The Admiral visits the *Captain*—carefully examines her—refuses to dine on board—returns to his own ship, and there watches the behaviour of the *Captain* as the gale freshens. Up till midnight he clearly sees her "heeling over a good deal to starboard, with the wind on her port side." That is the last Admiral Milne sees of her, for the weather thickens with rain, and he has to think of his own ship, the *Lord Warden*, which was kept, by the aid of her screw and after trysails, with her bow to a heavy cross sea.

The next period of the experiment is revealed to us by a sailor on board.

At 12½ midnight of the 6th, morning of the 7th, the ship *Captain* was on the port tack, close hauled, with the wind about N.W., very squally with rain and heavy sea.

About midnight the ship made a heavy roll to starboard, and before she had time to recover a heavy sea struck her and threw her on her beam ends.

She then turned bottom upwards and went down stern first. From the time of turning over to the time of sinking was about ten minutes. Going over, the water ran down the funnel, but did not drown the shrieks of the stokers.

The report when she sank resembled a tremendous explosion. Not a soul could get up from below, as the whole happened in an instant. All the men saved, but one, belonged to the watch on deck.

David Dryburg walked along the ship's side as she turned over, and finally along her bottom, placing his foot on a Kingston valve—(this shows how much of her remained still above water.) She was not knocking about much. All had confidence when she recovered from the first heavy lurch, but she failed to recover from the second, heeling gradually over till she capsized.

Such are the facts of the experiment recorded by the few survivors who being on deck escaped, but, as no one came up

rom below, no one can tell us what took place there. The time during which the vessel floated on the surface upside down is estimated by the survivors at three minutes, five minutes, and even ten minutes. It is quite plain, then, that the ship had not filled with water or gone down in the ordinary way of a ship which founders, fills, and goes down from excessive weight. The *Captain* simply turned over and continued to float upside down for from 180 to 600 seconds of time. The ship, therefore, continued full of air, the crew were able to move about and breathe, and for a time must have lived as in a diving-bell. The roar heard as she went down was probably the escape of steam, as the weights were removed from the safety-valves in turning over, and the contents of the boilers could be then discharged into the engine-room. The engine compartment could remain full of steam for some minutes; the rest of the ship, separated by water-tight compartments, remaining full of air, but at last the steam and fuel would have parted with their heat, the whole engine-room would become a huge condenser, and a terrific rush of water into the engine-room would fill it up and take the ship down, otherwise the ship might have floated with its living freight for a long time. Let us thank God that these terrible minutes did not last longer!

Let us now turn from this awful side of the experiment to what passed all around this submarine tragedy. A sailor on board the *Lord Warden* wrote as follows:—"The fleet had only two reefs all night. There was every appearance of a gale of wind, and the fleet was standing straight for the heart of it at ten minutes to 11 P.M. At 11.50 I was congratulating myself on getting below from the watch without any mishaps, when a tremendous squall struck the ship, and carried away sheets, blocks, and braces, leaving the yards banging about; halyards and sheets were let go, and steam clapped on to send her ahead, but the wind blew fearfully strong and the ship heeled over something considerable. In the morning the

Captain was missing." This evidence seems to be a fair epitome of what happened in all the other ships. A sailor from the *Minotaur* merely says: "The squalls were now becoming very heavy, wind remarkably steady. Occasionally a heavy sea would comb and break to windward, but this noble ship was as easy as if she were carrying topgallant-sails."

We have thus before us the dark and the light side of this trial: in the *Captain* everything dark—in the *Minotaur* everything "easy!" There were eleven ships in this fleet; all but one came out safe—the *Captain* alone went down.

The following ships formed Admiral Milne's fleet:—

Minotaur . . .	}	400 feet; broadside, armoured.
Northumberland . . .		
Agincourt . . .	}	Warrior, 389 feet; broadside, armoured.
Bellerophon . . .		
Hercules . . .	}	about 300 feet; broadside, armoured.
Lord Warden . . .		
Inconstant . . .	}	unarmoured, broadside.
Bristol . . .		
Monarch . . .	}	turret ships.
Captain . . .		

The following are particulars of the two turret-ships of the fleet:—

	MONARCH.		CAPTAIN.	
Length between perpendiculars	330	0	320	0
Breadth (extreme)	57	6	53	3
Tonnage	5,099		4,272	
Mean draught of water, with all stores on board	24 ft. 0 in. 25 ft. 3 in.			
Height of upper deck at side from water	14	0	6	6
Displacement . . (tons)	8,300		7,800	
Armament of protected guns	4 of 25		4 of 25	
	{ 3 of 6½		{ 3 of 6½	

IV. The lesson which this experiment teaches.

This great national experiment teaches us costly lessons of two kinds: first, political and administrative; second, technical and constructive.

First, political and administrative. Is it wise to place over a purely technical department like the Navy a merely political head, and to give him power to

interfere with the construction and administration of the fleet? Is it wise to give him a political secretary, and also occasionally a junior lord, both of whom know, generally, nothing whatever of the matters they undertake to administer?

Is it wise to allow the House of Commons or members in that House, who are neither naval architects, artillerymen, nor marine engineers, to meddle directly or indirectly in the construction of the fleet?

If our Navy is an instrument of warfare, and not a mere organization for the distribution of political patronage, ought we not most carefully to clear out from every department of the Admiralty that political element which is always occupying itself with the means of obtaining votes from members of the House of Commons—sometimes by preparing good things for the members of their own party in that House, and occasionally in procuring the acquiescence of refractory members of another party?

In his own business every Englishman would repudiate and ridicule the interference of an ignoramus in matters of his own knowledge or trade. Is it patriotism or want of patriotism which makes English citizens elevated to the rank of legislators dabble most earnestly and pertinaciously in those matters of public safety of which they understand least?

All these questions are answered by the loss of the *Captain*.

The second group of lessons taught by this costly experiment might be called a series of axioms, because their justice will be most readily acknowledged, although in practice they are so often disregarded by our Public Departments. First: No great experiments should ever be tried at the public cost on subjects which are already well known and thoroughly understood.

The construction of the *Captain* illustrates this truth by contrast. The unseaworthiness of the *Captain* was as perfectly known to competent judges before her loss as it is now; it was a matter of exact calculation. The cir-

cumstances under which she would go to the bottom, the conditions of wind and sea in which she would turn bottom up, had been exactly measured and weighed by those technical men whose business it is to measure the waves of the sea, to gauge the forces of the winds on the sails, and to calculate the effects of the weights of a ship in movement. Such men are called Naval Architects: it is their business to know beforehand all that a ship will do at sea, and the *Captain* went to the bottom just as she ought to have done in conformity with the principles of naval architecture.

I think I hear a member of the House of Commons say, "All very well to be wise after the fact." I will tell him what passed before the fact. Some six months ago an English naval architect was requested by the admiral of a foreign power to look at a turret-ship which, in imitation of the *Captain*, but with some modifications of his own suggestion, he was about to submit to his Admiralty as a model for their construction. The detailed plans were sent to him with a request that he would give a favourable report of the sea-going qualities of the ship. The opinion which he gave to the admiral was in these words: "I find the ship in many respects admirable in design, but in calculating out her qualities in a heavy sea I find that there is one case in which she will inevitably go to the bottom: if you, as a sailor, will satisfy yourself and satisfy me that in the ship's practical service that case cannot arise, I will certify the good qualities of the ship." The admiral weighed the matter, found that the case was quite a probable one, and the construction of the ship was allowed to drop.

No ship should ever be constructed at the national cost on which a professional report has not been made, certifying the full seaworthiness of the ship, and giving the results of the naval architect's calculations—of the measure and degree of each of her good qualities and each of her bad qualities. This report should never leave the ship during

her lifetime, and should be the guide for her commander in every evolution. This implies of course that every commander should be sufficiently educated in the knowledge of a ship's qualities.

And here I think it my duty to say a few words on the personal parts which Captain Burgoyne and Captain Cowper Coles have had to enact in this tragedy. I do not think Captain Burgoyne deserved any of the blame I have heard thrown on him for having carried too much sail, for I do not believe that he had been furnished by the naval architect with the necessary professional information to let him know the strong and weak points of his ship. I do not believe he had ever been told of the special danger the ship would run should she have to encounter a certain kind of sea in a certain wind. He was therefore like a man in strange waters without a chart; he could not provide against that which he had not been led to expect.

For a like reason I must acquit Captain Cowper Coles of anything like the sole responsibility for the defective sea-going qualities of his ship. He was a designer of turrets, not a designer of ships. I do not know that he ever even presumed to offer an opinion on the elements even of the naval construction of that ship, as any competent person to whom he could have offered that opinion would be sure to know its worthlessness. Neither, therefore, of the prominent victims in this accident can be convicted of having been its responsible author.

Neither is there anything in this experiment fatal to the use of turrets as turning fortresses for naval artillery, for in the same fleet at the same time we have the *Monarch* turret-ship, designed by the naval architects of the Admiralty on sound principles, and therefore perfectly successful.

But it will be said that this accident fairly warns us against the dangers of a low freeboard. In this respect it does nothing but prove that a low freeboard may be so badly combined with other elements of mal-construction as to make it dangerous and even fatal: but in the

hands of a skilled naval architect the dangers of low freeboard may be so compensated by counteracting virtues from another source that one ship with low freeboard shall be safer than another ship with high freeboard.

The conclusion I have arrived at from the consideration of the whole matter is this. The nation has paid a high price in lives and wealth for a huge experiment which could teach us nothing, which has taught us nothing, but what we knew before. Believers in turrets should believe in them still—believers in broadsides have no reason to change their minds. Those who believe that a low freeboard gives a steady gun platform are still in the right, and those who believe that a high freeboard is a great element of safety in a rolling ship have still reason and fact on their side. Poops and forecastles are famous things to save a ship in danger, and yet may be so badly combined with other elements as not merely to increase, but to become, as in this case, aggravators of danger. In fact no quackery will make good ships, and no quack remedies will cure their complaints. A modern ship of war is a complex organization, requiring the highest human faculties wisely to contrive all its functional parts rightly, to proportion all its vital elements thoroughly, to foresee all the dangers it will encounter, and truly to foretell all its merits, difficulties, and wants.

The loss of the *Captain* and her crew was therefore the result of a mere miscalculation of her naval architect—or of no calculation at all having been made of her sea-going qualities. I have not been able to learn the name of the naval architect, if any there were, who, before the design of the *Captain* was finally settled, had made all the calculations necessary to give the measure of her faults and the measure of her good qualities, and to show how the one should be diminished and the other enhanced. I have not been able to learn that before the design was authorized by the Admiralty any naval architect had been ordered to calculate all

the sea-going qualities of the proposed design, and had been furnished with all the forms, quantities, weights, dispositions, and arrangements of hull, machinery, equipment, armament, and stores requisite to enable him to make an estimate of the future performance of that ship in a heavy sea. Nor do I understand that the results of any such calculations were reported to the Turret-ship party in the House of Commons when they voted the money now lost with the ship.

If it be proved on the examination about to take place before the court-martial, that the facts were as I have supposed, they will probably arrive at the opinion that there is "nobody to blame," and in that case they will probably give their decision in that form which is so agreeable to the ignorances and weaknesses of human nature, by finding for this lamentable catastrophe the following

VERDICT:

"LOST BY THE ACT OF GOD."

END OF VOL. XXII.

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